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# DEMETRIUS,

A

*RUSSIAN ROMANCE.*

VOL. II.

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Strahan and Prefton,
Printers Street, London.

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1814

# DEMETRIUS,

A

## *RUSSIAN ROMANCE.*

" Wiſe, valiant, good,
With every praiſe, with every laurel crown'd,
The warrior's wonder, and the virgin's ſigh."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN HURST REES ORME AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1813.

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# DEMETRIUS.

## CHAP. I.

"As newly wak'd from all my dreams of glory,
"Thoſe gilded viſions of deceitful joys,
"I ſtand confounded at the unlook'd for change,
"And ſcarcely feel the thunderbolt of fate.
"The painted clouds, which bore my hopes aloft,
"Are vaniſh'd now, alas! to yielding air,
"And I am fall'n indeed!"

*Earl of Eſſex.*

THE Hetman Koſanka rapidly purſued his flight, with the object of his care, towards the foreſt of Ilmen. His left arm encircled Demetrius, while the other guided his panting and now almoſt exhauſted ſteed. As he ſtrained the Prince's body more cloſely to him, he fancied he felt a faint pulſation at his heart: joy throbbed in that of the Coſſack at the hope thus ſuggeſted. He examined his countenance: it was pale



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and cold as the ſnow which lay beneath them; and his fine hair, clotted with blood, (for his helmet had fallen off in the combat) gave ſuch a death-like expreſſion to his appearance, that the chief ſhuddered as he gazed on him; and, bending his head over his brow, a tear fell from an eye ſeldom hitherto expreſſive of any unmanly emotion. In this action, however, he felt the warm breath of Demetrius playing on his cheek; and the delightful conviction that life yet remained in his frame, reanimated his exertions to reach the foreſt. It was night before he arrived at it: he diſmounted; and enveloping Demetrius in his cloak, and placing him for ſupport againſt the trunk of a tree, he endeavoured to kindle a fire from ſome dry branches which lay ſcattered on the ſnow. He ſucceeded; and placing Demetrius beſide it, flattered himſelf that the warmth might reſtore him to animation. In a few minutes the Prince unclofed his eyes, and gazed wildly around, then, as if anxious to exclude the proſpect before

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before him, feebly raised his hand towards his face, uttered a deep groan, and sunk in the arms of the chief.

The encreasing strength of his respiration however convinced Kosanka that he was recovering; and with the most tender, yet ardent solicitude, he redoubled his endeavours for his complete restoration. Too soon for the peace of Demetrius they succeeded: the agony of his feelings, as he gradually recovered his recollection, was expressed in the wild and haggard glances of his eye, in the abrupt impatience of his movements, in the deep and frequent sighs which heaved his labouring breast.

A sense of humiliation at his late defeat, of anguish at the death of his friend, of agony at the reflection that the loss of this battle was to him the loss of his empire, and of Marina, all rushed successively upon his mind, and totally subdued its former firmness. The pain occasioned by his wound was encreased to torture by the piercing cold of the night wind; and the desolation of the



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ſcene around encreaſed, while it aſſimilated with, the gloom of his feelings. The dreary wildneſs of the immenſe trees which extended their dark and rugged branches acroſs the ſnow was faintly diſplayed by the glimmering fire, on whoſe blaze darkneſs ſeemed to hover, and whoſe warmth was chilled by its icy and impenetrable bed. A convulſive ſhuddering paſſed acroſs the frame of Demetrius. The Coſſack endeavoured to reanimate the fluttering flame, and renewed his former attentions to the Prince, who raiſed his languid eyes to his countenance, to behold who it was thus intereſted in his fate.

"You, then, are preſerved!" he attempted to ſay, but the words died away upon his lips; and the pain of his wound induced an involuntary movement of his hand towards the part affected. The chief immediately ſecured it from the effects of the chilling air, by placing a bandage round his brow, and the Prince felt a momentary

relief

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relief from bodily ſuffering: his mental anguiſh, however, was not ſo eaſily ſubdued; and, with an expreſſion of heartfelt woe, which penetrated to the ſoul of the chief, he tremulouſly aſked, "Are all my gallant "ſubjects, my noble warriors, fallen; and "are we only left to mourn over the wreck "which I have occaſioned?"

"Not all, I truſt," replied the Coſſack, in a voice he endeavoured to render cheering and aſſured. "If my orders were "obeyed, the Coſſack cavalry have ſe-"cured their lives and liberty by flight."

"But the Poles, the Ruſſians, the brave "and faithful Galitzin, have fatally evinced "their loyalty," ſaid Demetrius in a tone of enquiry, rather than of aſſertion: but receiving no reply, a deep gloom overſpread his countenance. In vain the chief addreſſed him in the language of hope and conſolation. The remainder of the night was paſſed in melancholy retroſpection, in bitter ſelf-upbraiding, in agoniſing anticipations.



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The dawn of day, which now ſhed a pale light throughout the foreſt, diſcovered their retreat to the young Koſanka and ſeveral of the Coſſacks, who, having obeyed the commands of their chief, had ſheltered themſelves amidſt the receſſes of the foreſt, in order, for the preſent, to elude the purſuit of Prince Vaſſili: but they all agreed in urging the neceſſity of their immediate departure, not merely on account of their proximity to the enemy, but from the impoſſibility of procuring ſuſtenance in ſuch a ſituation. They expreſſed the moſt ſincere and lively ſatisfaction at beholding their Prince yet alive, and crowded around him with eager, yet reſpectful, expreſſions of delight and congratulation; but his rayleſs eye and pallid cheeks alarmed the faithful Coſſacks, and they retired, communicating to each other the apprehenſions his appearance had excited.

Demetrius was ſo feeble from loſs of blood, that all attempts to ſuſtain himſelf on his courſer, during their rapid route, proved

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proved ineffectual. Kosanka, observing this, proposed to the Cossacks, that they should make a species of litter, composed of the branches of trees, which might be placed on one of the horses, guided by a Cossack mounted on another. All this was accomplished; and although the attentive gaze of Demetrius proclaimed his knowledge of what was passing around, he offered neither opposition to, or approval of, their proceedings. To those who had been accustomed to behold him eager, active, animated, high in hope, ardent in spirit, this passiveness of his will, this stupor of his faculties, conveyed the keenest pain, the strongest apprehensions. The Cossacks attributed this change to the pangs of his body, but their commanders, more justly, to those of his mind.

The successes of Demetrius had been so entire, so brilliant, he had deemed himself so secure of their continuance, that this reverse of fortune was not less appalling than unexpected; and he felt himself



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wholly unable to ſuſtain it with fortitude. The weakneſs of his frame too encreaſed that of his mind; and his mental anguiſh again acting upon his body retarded the recovery of its former vigour. The ſmall troop of Coſſacks were obliged to adopt a circuitous route, in order to elude the poſſibility of purſuit. In the different villages through which they paſſed, they learnt that the death of Demetrius and the defeat of his army had already circulated throughout ſeveral of the provinces: they remarked that a general gloom pervaded the countenances of the peaſantry, with whom they converſed reſpecting the circumſtances of the late battle: yet the caution they obſerved in their converſation evinced the conſciouſneſs they felt of exiſting under the yoke of a tyrant.

Koſanka propoſed, when they reached Pleſkow in Lithuania, that they ſhould remain there until the Prince's wound was healed, and his health re-eſtabliſhed. Demetrius offered no oppoſition to this propoſal.

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posal. The unremitting attentions of the chief, the influence of a milder climate, and the effect of repose, in a short period restored health to the frame, but not happiness to the heart of Demetrius. When he compared his present prospects with those which lay before him at his first entrance into Russia, he felt a sense of agonising regret, of deep humiliation at the contrast they presented. He was then at the head of a gallant band of Poles, soon joined by his noble Cossacks, his army continually augmenting by the accession of his Russian subjects, all regarding him as their leader, all looking up to him with respect, all relying on him with confidence: but could this confidence, this respect, ever again be experienced for one who had conducted these faithful subjects to disgrace, to imprisonment, to death?

The Cossack chief endeavoured to combat these depressing ideas: he painted the generous character of the Cossacks, their attachment to Ivan, their acknowledge-



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ment of his own claims; and he advised Demetrius either to take refuge amongst their territories, or return to Cracow, and again apply to the court of Poland for assistance.

"Never!" exclaimed the Prince, a crimson glow overspreading his before pallid countenance at this last suggestion. "Never! What, shall I again present myself a suppliant before that assembly in whose presence I vainly boasted my assurance of success? Shall I revisit that city, a solitary and degraded being, which I so lately quitted at the head of a gay and gallant army? Shall I expose myself to the reproaches of the sorrowing parent, the widowed mourner, the weeping orphan? Shall I insult by my presence the wretches whom I have made? Shall I, all humbled as are my fortunes, now dare to present myself before——" He paused, and the pang which shot across his heart forbad the utterance of Marina's name, and even rendered her recollection



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painful. "No," he proudly resumed, "when I revisit Cracow it shall be after the "triumph of conquest, not the humiliation "of defeat;—it shall be with the splendour of "a sovereign, not with the aspect of a sup-"pliant." His dignified gesture, his kindling eye, his elevated mien, shewed him again that proud and energetic being the Cossack had first beheld him. He hailed with secret satisfaction this appearance of wonted animation, and renewed his proposal of his retiring into the territory of the Don Cossacks. Demetrius agreed to adopt this plan, when the young Kosanka, who had been dispatched by his father to Cracow with the intelligence of the late defeat, the wound of Demetrius, and his present residence at Pleskow, should have returned. In the meantime the Cossack, from day to day, beheld with inexpressible delight the renovating health and spirits of Demetrius. When sufficiently recovered to ascend his courser, he made long and daily excursions, accompanied by his faithful Cossacks, to-



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wards the frontiers of Poland, in hopes of meeting Kosanka on his return to Pleskow.

During one of these expeditions, while Demetrius and the Hetman were engaged in conversation respecting their future plans, they perceived the Cossacks, who had before been galloping at full speed, brandishing their lances, and by their warlike gestures appearing to be, in idea, anticipating the moment of battle, suddenly halt, draw nearer to each other, and appear to be examining some distant object: then, rapidly returning and gathering around Demetrius, they pointed to the distance, and exclaimed, "An army is at hand, an army is advancing "towards us!" The Prince directed his glance towards the horizon, and beheld it in appearance, bound by a glittering girdle, for thus did the forest of lances, gleaming in the sun, seem to the dazzled eye.

Hope whispered to the heart of Demetrius that it was an army of friends whom he beheld. "They are our brave allies, "they are the gallant Poles!" he exclaimed;

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claimed; and instantly plunging his spurs into his courser's flanks, he advanced at full speed, followed by the band of Cossacks, towards the army. As he drew nearer he beheld the standard and recognised the military array of the Poles. The Cossacks uttered a shout of joy and gratulation. The army halted: its commander advanced towards Demetrius: it was the Count Wiesnovitski. At the same moment the friends threw themselves from their horses and rushed into each other's arms. The assembled warriors expressed their sympathy by looks, and words, and gestures. Demetrius quitted his friend and advanced towards them.

"Brave and noble Poles!" he said, "most powerful is the gratitude I feel for "this generous and unexpected aid—an aid "I dared not even implore, accorded to me "in this my hour of shame and of distress. "Ah, may it be my fate to lead you to "victory and honour,—not to death or to "disgrace!" He paused for his recollections

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tions were too painful to be purſued: but the tones and language of the ſoldiers, who expreſſed their entire reliance on his guidance, and their ardour in his cauſe, again reſtored him to confidence and hope. He now preſented the Hetman to Count Wieſnovitſki as that noble friend, whoſe valour had ſecured his liberty, and whoſe cares had preſerved his life: and Koſanka felt, from the ardent preſſure of the Count's hand, *that* life was indeed dear to his friendly heart. The recollection of the unfortunate Galitzin ſpread a tranſitory gloom over the countenance of the Prince; and Count Wieſnovitſki underſtood his feelings too well to encreaſe them by painful and uſeleſs enquiries.

The army now purſued their route towards Pleſkow, preceded by Demetrius, the Hetman, and Wieſnovitſki, of whom the Prince was now enabled to make the moſt minute and anxious enquiries reſpecting Marina and the Palatine: the Count preſented him a packet containing letters from them,

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them, which, he ſaid, would better convey the information he deſired than he could expreſs it; and ſmiled as he perceived the encreaſed rapidity with which the Prince purſued his way towards Pleſkow. On their arrival, Demetrius, requeſting the Hetman and Count Wieſnovitſki to ſuperintend the arrangements for the diſpoſal of the troops, devoted ſome hours to the peruſal of a packet ſo dear to him. The letter of Marina breathed a tone of the tendereſt ſolicitude for his preſent health and future ſafety. She dwelt not on his late defeat; an intuitive feeling convinced her the ſubject muſt be a painful one: but the extreme anxiety ſhe expreſſed for the future ſucceſs of his arms, her repeated entreaties that he would not raſhly expoſe that life in which not only *her* happineſs, but the welfare of a nation, depended, evinced how great had been her anxiety and ſufferings, and how powerful were now her apprehenſions.

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The Palatine ſpoke with ſome indignation of the indifference which Sigiſmund betrayed for the ſucceſs of Demetrius, by ſtill withholding his aſſiſtance: he informed him, however, that the Poliſh nobility were deeply intereſted in his cauſe, and that the ſuccours he had now received were but the harbingers of further aid. He urged the neceſſity of his preſenting himſelf as ſoon as poſſible at the head of an army in Ruſſia, leſt the report of his death, which would rapidly ſpread throughout the empire, ſhould induce his ſubjects to throw aſide their unſheathed ſwords, and reſign themſelves with hopeleſs deſpondency to the dominion of the tyrant. The advice of the Palatine accorded with the wiſhes of Demetrius, who, with renovated health, felt renovated ardour.

The Prince once more conducted an army of Poles to the frontiers of Ruſſia, once more called upon his ſubjects to flock to the ſtandard of their lawful ſovereign, once more all ranks caught the ſpirit of enthuſiaſm

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thuſiaſm in his cauſe, once more the tyrant trembled on his tottering throne.

The fiery Coſſack and the hardy Ruſſian poured from all quarters to join the army of Demetrius, which, like the mountain avalanche, encreaſing both in ſize and power during its progreſs, ſwept forward with rapid, determined, and undeviating pace towards Moſcow.

So wonderful, ſo rapid, are the evolutions of fortune, that he, who ſo lately triumphed at the imagined death of his deteſted enemy, now trembled for his own exiſtence. The greateſt part of the army under the command of Prince Vaſſili had fallen victims to the rigour of the ſeaſon, or the valour of their foes. The reſt had been withdrawn into the capital, in order to hold in awe the ſeditious multitude, whoſe indignation the report of the Prince's death had inflamed. They were now, however, commanded to march forth, under the orders of Prince Vaſſili, to meet and to deſtroy an army of rebels, led on by a deſperate and deſpicable

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cable impoſtor. Such was the title Boris beſtowed upon Demetrius, but few aſſented to its truth: even thoſe who ſpoke of his intentions with the greateſt contempt, the Patriarch and Prince Vaſſili, ſecretly believed in the juſtice of thoſe claims, which their private intereſts and peculiar views induced them publicly to deny.

The army departed from Moſcow, while the tyrant retired within the walls of the Kremlin, as apprehenſive of his domeſtic enemies as of his foreign foe. Demetrius, apprized of the approach of an army, with an intention to interrupt him before his arrival at Moſcow, determined to haſten the approach of a moment which would, in all probability, determine the fate of the empire. He advanced, therefore, with encreaſed rapidity towards the capital. Prince Vaſſili determined to await his arrival in the advantageous poſition he then occupied: his camp was protected on one ſide by a village, on the other by a wood, and ſheltered in the rear by immenſe rocks, whoſe

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whoſe ſummits, frowning over the ſcene, gave it an air of grandeur and defiance.

Demetrius, when he arrived within view of the enemy's camp, perceived at one glance all the diſadvantages which muſt attend any attempt to attack it. A defeat would now expoſe him to deſtruction; victory now ſeemed a neceſſity; and this important reflection determined Demetrius not to hazard it, by attacking an enemy thus advantageouſly ſituated. In order, however, to draw him from his ſhelter, he commanded ſome cannon to be diſcharged from the heights which he occupied, without approaching nearer the camp, in hopes that Prince Vaſſili would ſeek that ſucceſs which the apparent timidity of the enemy ſeemed to promiſe him. But the Prince was already too well appriſed of the impetuous character—too well acquainted with the brilliant courage of Demetrius, not to hope that his ardour would conquer his prudence, and made not, therefore, any attempt to abandon his preſent ſituation.

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So much circumſpection irritated Demetrius, but did not throw him off his guard. He now believed that the only method of detaching Prince Vaſſili from his camp, would be to make a retrogade movement. He iſſued his orders for this purpoſe to his troops, and, for the firſt time, beheld himſelf obeyed with reluctance. This manœuvre was attended with the conſequences he expected. When Prince Vaſſili perceived his intention of retreating, he commanded his cavalry to attack his rear. Demetrius, enchanted at the ſucceſs of his ſcheme, rapidly formed his army, gave the command of the Poles to Count Wieſnovitſki, the Coſſacks to the Hetman, and placed himſelf at the head of the Ruſſians. Swiftly riding through their different ranks, he addreſſed a few words of direction and exhortation to each, and thus concluded his addreſs:—"It is not merely for victory "that you are about to contend: your own "liberties, your nation's honour, and your "monarch's life, depend upon the iſſue of

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" the coming combat: to me it will present " either victory or death: from your " courage I expect the first: disappoint " not, then, the hope your ardour has in- " duced me to cherish." Shouts of applause and assent arose from the various, yet combined, hosts. " Demetrius and " victory! Demetrius and victory!" resounded along their lines, and reached those of the enemy. Suddenly a corresponding shout arose from among them, and tumult and confusion appeared throughout their ranks. " Demetrius is the Czar of Russia! " Demetrius is the heir of the empire!" resounded on every side; and the Prince beheld an immense column of cavalry, which formed the right wing of Prince Vassili's army, quit their present position, and, wheeling round the base of the eminence near which they were stationed, approach with inconceivable rapidity towards Demetrius. The commander then advancing, flung himself from his horse, bent one knee to the ground, and requested the com-

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commands of his ſovereign for himſelf and his troops, who were prepared to obey the orders of one they acknowledged as the only true Czar. This movement was executed with ſuch rapidity, the whole ſcene appeared ſo inſtantaneous, that the troops of Prince Vaſſili, ſtupified at the view of a deſertion ſo ſudden, ſo unexpected, made no attempt either to prevent or to purſue their flight. Prince Vaſſili, enraged at the ſcene before him, commanded an inſtant charge to be made on the enemy, and his forces recovering from their momentary panic, ruſhed onward to thoſe of Demetrius: the Coſſacks received them with their fixed and projecting lances: they were repulſed, but rallied by Prince Vaſſili, and again brought on to the charge. The Coſſacks for a moment ſeemed to ſhrink from their uplifted ſabres. Demetrius haſtened with the Ruſſians to their aſſiſtance, but freſh ſquadrons bore down upon this ſpot, where all the tumult of the battle ſeemed to rage. A ſudden terror ſeized the troops of Demetrius:

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trius: they retreated; but the Prince preſerved order amongſt them, and withdrew them to the eminence they had at firſt poſſeſſed. Prince Vaſſili, now deeming himſelf ſecure of victory, ordered his whole force to abandon the camp, and haſten to the combat: meantime he awaited their arrival at the baſe of the hill, and a ſhort interval of ſilence and repoſe ſucceeded the ardour and courage of the firſt onſet.

Demetrius availed himſelf of this opportunity to place his troops in more advantageous diſpoſitions, and to deliver ſome inſtructions to thoſe who had ſo lately joined him. The Prince determined to ruſh from the eminence he now poſſeſſed upon the enemy below, who were diſcovered iſſuing in immenſe force from the camp to join Prince Vaſſili, who was engaged with his manœuvres on the plain. Demetrius again addreſſed a ſhort ſpeech to his ſoldiers, not of reproach, but of encouragement: his eloquence, his brilliant and animated countenance, the ardour of his

geſtures,

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geſtures, the confidence of his manner, re-animated all their wonted enterpriſe, and they poured down with irreſiſtible fury upon the oppoſing army, which waited their approach with undaunted aſpect. The troops on either ſide renewed and continued the combat with a degree of deſperate valour, which ſeemed to render its iſſue uncertain. During the heat of the action, the Prince's unguarded courage expoſed him to the attack of a ſoldier, whoſe ſword threatened him with inſtant deſtruction, when Koſanka intercepted the blow, and received the point of the weapon in his arm. Demetrius ſcarcely perceived the danger before he ſaw himſelf delivered from it; and the ſoldier was inſtantly felled to the ground by the ſabres of his troops. His gratitude to the Hetman was only conveyed by an expreſſive glance, for at this moment Prince Vaſſili broke through the Coſſacks, by whom he was ſurrounded, and ruſhed towards Demetrius, reſolved to determine the fate of the day by engaging him in ſingle combat.

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combat. The Prince perceived his intention, and, although he had received a slight wound in his left shoulder, eagerly advanced to the encounter. The troops on either side suspended the fight, and gazed with speechless anxiety on their respective chiefs, whose determined aspects, whose fiery countenances, whose rapid, yet skilful, movements, seemed to forebode a fatal termination to the conflict.

The heavy sabre of Prince Vassili shivered the helmet of Demetrius, which fell in glittering fragments on the ground, while the blood poured from the wound over his shining ringlets. A cry of terror proceeded from his troops, and they were rushing forward to separate the combatants, when Demetrius, pressing still closer to the Prince, plunged his sabre in his side: a deadly paleness overspread his countenance; he closed his eyes, and sunk to the ground, without uttering a single groan. A shout of triumph arose from the troops of Demetrius; those of the enemy fled in confusion:



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the Prince purſued them; they ruſhed tumultuouſly towards their camp. At this moment Count Wieſnovitſki, who had been engaged with another detachment of the enemy's army, and had fought with the ſame ſucceſs, was purſuing the fugitives in the ſame direction, when he encountered Demetrius, whoſe diſcoloured and diſhevelled hair, whoſe eye, beaming with the fire of the hero, whoſe blood-ſtained and uplifted ſabre gave him the aſpect of Mars triumphing amidſt the battle's tumult; valour nerving his arm, and victory ſhining on his brow. "The day is our own!" exclaimed Count Wieſnovitſk. "Prince "Vaſſili is ſlain!" replied Demetrius; and their extended hands were mutually graſped in mutual congratulation.

The cry of "Quarter! quarter!" now reſounded on every ſide.

"Spare the vanquiſhed foe! ſheathe the "uſeleſs ſabre!" ſaid Demetrius to his troops, who were ſtill dealing deſtruction around. His commands were obeyed; the conquerors

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conquerors ceaſed from the carnage; the conquered threw their weapons on the ground. Once more Demetrius felt the joy of victory, and felt it unalloyed. Struck with the ſenſe of its importance, his heart dilated with gratitude to him who had beſtowed it. "Thanks be to God!" he exclaimed, "the conqueſt is complete; the "empire is our own." He bent his knee to the ground, and an expreſſion of the moſt glowing and heart-felt devotion ſoftened while it illumined the hero's countenance, as he raiſed his hands and heart towards the God of battles. The whole army, inſpired by his piety, followed his example. A ſilence, ſolemn and univerſal, prevailed. Every heart beat in uniſon; every eye was raiſed towards Heaven.

To theſe elevated feelings, this ſacred duty, ſucceeded the eager tone of joy, the warm graſp of gratulation, the anxious glance of enquiry. More painful were their emotions, when amidſt the bleeding heaps, which lay ſcattered over the plain,



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all recognised their comrades, many, their friends, and some, their kindred. Demetrius, while engaged in the duties of humanity, separating the dead from the wounded and the dying, discovered Prince Vassili; and finding that he yet breathed, raised him from the ground, and commanded some soldiers to bear him to his tent, and bestow on him every attention his state required: these attentions succeeded: and Demetrius, after beholding him restored to recollection, quitted him, to return to the field of battle: on re-entering it, he perceived a courier galloping across the plain; his courser panting with toil and heat, his garb covered with dust, his eager gestures, his enquiring glances, proclaimed him the bearer of important tidings. Demetrius advanced towards him. The courier, pausing, exclaimed, "Conduct me to Demetrius, the Czar of Russia, the only lawful ruler over the empire."

"It is himself whom you address," replied the Prince. "What are the tidings that you bear?"

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The courier threw himſelf from his horſe, and bent one knee to the ground, while he delivered a packet to Demetrius. He haſtily unclofed it, and his cheek flushed with ſurpriſe, and his eye ſparkled with triumph, as he peruſed its contents. It was a document ſigned by the principal nobility of Moſcow, ſtating, that the tyrant Boris, long agitated by fear, by remorſe, ſuſpicious of all who approached him, at length driven to deſpair by the open revolt of his ſubjects, and the ſucceſſes of Demetrius, had ſwallowed poiſon, and expired in the preſence of the Daniſh and Swediſh ambaſſadors, to whom he was giving audience. Immediately on his deceaſe, the Patriarch had declared Feodor, the tyrant's ſon, heir to his throne; but being deſerted by all the nobility of Moſcow, he had been obliged to renounce his newly acquired dignity, and retired from the Kremlin to the habitation of his only remaining parent. The Patriarch now declared himſelf in favour of Demetrius, and the nobles



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of Moſcow unanimouſly requeſted his preſence in the capital, when all the empire would own his dominion, and the throne of his anceſtors receive him as its ſovereign. The Prince communicated the intelligence contained in this document to thoſe around him; it was rapidly circulated throughout the ſcattered legions; and all was tumult, tranſport, and confuſion.

The Hetman of the Coſſacks and Count Wieſnovitſki approached: Demetrius alternately embraced them, with an emotion which the elevation of his ſoul and the intereſt of the moment rendered at once tender and ardent.

Moſcow was within a few verſts of the field of battle; and on the morrow Demetrius purpoſed to make his firſt entrance into the capital of his empire.

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## CHAP. XII.

"Before his footsteps bow
"The multitude exulting. On he treads
"Rever'd and honour'd: their enraptur'd sight
"Pursues his graceful stature, and their tongues
"Extol and hail him as their guardian god."

GLOVER's *Leonidas*.

THE sun was yet low in the horizon; the morning mists were yet undispersed; the birds were yet chaunting their matins, when Demetrius, at the head of his troops, crossed the plain of Lagra, and beheld in the distance the city of Moscow.

Numerous and slender spires glittering with gold, burnished domes, lofty turrets, and painted palaces, shone with a radiant confusion that repelled the dazzled eye, and compelled it to turn for relief towards the lovely scenery by which they were surrounded. The gay blossoms of the gardens, the soft verdure of the groves,



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the bright turf of the lawns, were reflected in the waters of the Mosca, which, after winding through the city, gently flowed onwards among the surrounding country. All the charms of a Russian spring, heightened by the suddenness and force of its contrast with the severity of a Russian winter, now fascinated the senses, and gladdened the heart of man. The clear serene sky, the soft elastic breeze, the freshness of morn, and the fragrance of spring, breathed into the soul that buoyant hilarity of spirit so often felt during the early hour of the morn and the primeval season of the year.

The splendid and warlike cavalcade, which covered the plain, increased, while it participated in, the gaiety of the scene. The dignified and martial Cossacks, with their towering helmets and glittering garbs, curbing their neighing steeds; the more slender and more agile hussars of Poland, with their purple plumes and golden mails, compelling their coursers to obey the rein,

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as they bounded forward to the city; the firm and graver Ruſſians, whoſe ſimplicity of coſtume gave to each man the full character of his figure and mien, combining an expreſſion of manly and warlike dignity. From this numerous and ſplendid train the eye of Demetrius glanced towards the imperial city; and a glow of hope, of pride, of exultation, pervaded his ſoul, as he felt that he was the lord of the ſcene, the ſovereign of the empire.

As they drew yet nearer to the domes and towers of Moſcow, a thouſand bells rung from the ſteeples, and thouſands and ten thouſands of voices exclaimed with one accord, "Long live the Czar Demetrius! "Long live the Sovereign of the empire!" "Long live the Czar Demetrius!" was reechoed by the troops who accompanied him; and every heart *wiſhed*, what every lip *expreſſed*, "Long life to the youthful Mo-"narch! Long life to Demetrius of "Ruſſia!"



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Not now, as on his entrance into Novogorod, did he behold deserted streets and vacant habitations. The balconies were crowded with spectators; the tones of festivity resounded through the streets; the shout of joy ascended; hope, curiosity, eagerness, beamed on every countenance; all anxiously pressed forward to behold the blooming hero, to welcome and to gratulate their lawful sovereign; all gazed with mingled admiration and respect upon his graceful, yet commanding, figure, his brow impressed with majesty, his eagle eye which flashed a radiance that almost forbad the gaze of man, while his smile, sweet, fascinating, resistless, as powerfully attracted it.

The Patriarch of the empire, in the splendid habit of his order, accompanied by all the nobility of Moscow, advanced in procession to meet Demetrius, and conduct him to the palace of the Czars.

The throne, so lately occupied by the guilty Boris, now received the noble-minded Demetrius. Before he ascended it, the

Patriarch

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Patriarch pronounced his bleſſing, and poured the oil of conſecration on his head. Again the ſhout of "Long live the Czar Deme-"trius!" was repeated through the palace; again it was re-echoed through the city. Demetrius waved his hand to command ſilence—and ſilence prevailed.

"Friends, ſubjects, and fellow-ſoldiers!" he began, "this day, which beholds me "ſeated on the throne of my anceſtors, "beholds my future life pledged for your "happineſs and welfare. I feel the awful "duties that await me; but with the duties "are combined the powers (whatever "powers the proudeſt ſoul could wiſh) to "execute that good the warmeſt heart might "dictate——." He pauſed, for a ſudden murmur aroſe from among the aſſembled nobles. They gave way on either ſide, and through the intervening ſpace ruſhed a youthful female, who proſtrated herſelf at the foot of the throne. Demetrius gazed on her with ſpeechleſs aſtoniſhment: her ringlets ſtreaming over her ſlender



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and graceful figure, her eyes suffused with tears, her clasped hands, her imploring attitude, her brilliant beauty, excited at once compassion, surprise, and admiration. He descended from the throne, and raising her from the ground, enquired her name, and the occasion of her grief. She turned aside her head and wept with increasing violence.

"The Princess Irene!" said the Patriarch, advancing towards her.

"The Princess Irene?" repeated Demetrius, in a tone of enquiry.

"The daughter of the late Czar," was the reply of the Patriarch.

Demetrius involuntarily quitted her hand, which had been detained in his. Irene understood the action, and cast on him a glance of such expressive, yet timid, reproach, that his feelings softened towards her; and in an accent gentle and impressive, he assured her of protection and security, not only for herself, but her friends and kindred. Again she threw herself at his feet, and her gratitude

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tude was expreſſed with as much energy as had been her terror and ſupplication.

Demetrius, anxious to conclude this ſcene, requeſted ſome of the nobles, who ſurrounded him, to reconduct her in ſafety to her dwelling; and aſſured her ſhe might withdraw in the firmeſt reliance on his promiſe of protection. It was with apparent reluctance that ſhe complied with the requeſt; but the air of deciſion, though now tempered by ſweetneſs, which Demetrius invariably poſſeſſed, convinced Irene ſhe had nothing more to hope from a longer continuance. She quitted the palace, attended by the appointed nobles. Demetrius renewed his addreſs to the aſſembly; and the ſubſequent events of the day nearly obliterated the circumſtance from his memory.

The feelings of Demetrius on the cloſe of that day, which had beheld him ſeated on the throne of Ruſſia, acknowledged as the ſovereign of the largeſt empire in Europe, were varied and tumultuous; yet the proud glow of gratified ambition, the warm

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warm throb of anticipated bliſs, gradually yielded to the ſofter emotions of filial affection; and the ſweet conviction that the moment was approaching when he ſhould releaſe his beloved parent from her dreary priſon, and be enabled to repay, by the moſt devoted duty and affection, thoſe ſufferings which ſhe had for him endured, diffuſed over his heart that tender enthuſiaſm of feeling which poſſeſſes all the bliſs of rapture without its tumults.

The convent of St. Iſmailo was ſituated at ſome diſtance from Moſcow; and Demetrius, prevented by the neceſſity of his preſence in the capital, from going in perſon to greet and to releaſe his mother, diſpatched for this purpoſe an embaſſy, compoſed of the principal nobility of the empire. Having, however, given audience to the ambaſſadors from the different provinces, publiſhed a manifeſto to his ſubjects, with unlimited offers of pardon and protection, and diſpatched other affairs of ſtate, as the day drew towards its cloſe, judging

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judging that the Czarina's carriage muſt be within a few verſts of the capital, the Czar, accompanied by Counts Wieſnovitſki, Koſanka, and followed by ſeveral Boyards, and an immenſe and continually augmenting throng, quitted the city, and advanced towards the wood of Smerdu, through which the Czarina was expected to paſs.

As Demetrius entered it, the ſun was ſinking behind a chain of diſtant mountains, and tinted the feathery verdure and ſlender trunks of the larch and aſpen with its purple radiance; while the Moſca, like a ſtream of liquid gold, flowed in graceful windings through the ſurrounding country. The feelings of Demetrius were bright and ardent as the ſcene before him; but yet more bright was the glow of his cheek, more ardent the glance of his eye, as through the ſcattered trees he beheld the Czarina's carriage, ſurrounded by horſemen, rapidly approaching. The cavalcade pauſed on perceiving the Czar: he threw himſelf from his horſe, and ruſhed towards the

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the carriage; the door was flung open, and the Czarina overpowered by various emotions, ſunk half fainting into the arms of her ſon.

"My mother, my beloved mother!" he paſſionately and tenderly exclaimed, as he preſſed her to his breaſt.

"My ſon, my long-loſt ſon!" ſhe faintly uttered, as ſhe leaned for ſupport upon his ſhoulder, and wept with uncontroulable emotion. The eyes of Demetrius were alſo ſuffuſed with tears, as the overpowering remembrance of long-treaſured affection ruſhed upon his mind; and he beheld the reveries of his infancy, the day-dreams of his youth, and the hope of his manhood, thus fondly, thus completely realiſed. No ſhout of gratulation aroſe; no ſound of joy proceeded from the ſurrounding ſpectators to interrupt the ſoft, yet ſolemn, ſtillneſs; but their tearful eyes, their expreſſive glances, betrayed more ſtrong, though ſilent, ſympathy, as they gazed upon the manly form and blooming countenance of the

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the ſon, and the pallid cheek and attenuated figure of the parent.

When the firſt tumult of emotion had in ſome meaſure ſubſided, Demetrius reſeated the Czarina in her carriage, and, placing himſelf beſide her, commanded the proceſſion to advance towards Moſcow. Each was now enabled to contemplate the countenance of the other. In the graceful form, the noble features, the tender expreſſion which beamed from the eye of Demetrius, as he gazed on her, the Czarina ſeemed to recognize her beloved Ivan: in the deep, but almoſt penſive tones, with which he replied to her, ſhe ſeemed to hear her lamented Feodor. All thoſe ſweet and varied emotions which attend on kindred love, ſo long and ſo cruelly ſuppreſſed, were reawakened in her breaſt. With maternal tenderneſs ſhe gazed on the form of the ſon; with maternal triumph ſhe recalled the deeds of the hero; with maternal confidence ſhe anticipated the ſplendour of the monarch.

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monarch. More ſubdued and leſs pleaſurable were the emotions with which Demetrius dwelt on the countenance of his mother: her hollow cheek, though now faintly fluſhed with the tranſient glow of hope; her ſunken eye, though now beaming with the fire of joy and pride, conveyed a pang to the heart of her ſon, as he thought how different had been the image he had pictured from the object he beheld. "My mother!" he ſaid, in a tone expreſſive of the deepeſt commiſeration, "my mother! and is it for "me that you have thus ſuffered?" "Suf-"fered!" repeated the Czarina, in a tone which ſeemed to imply all ſuffering was baniſhed from her remembrance, "can I "think of ſuffering when I behold my "ſon,—when that beloved ſon addreſſes me "by the title of mother?" Demetrius again claſped her to his heart, in ſilent, but expreſſive, gratitude. In briefly recapitulating the principal events of his paſt life, the death of the faithful Galitzin was mentioned by

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by him, and heard by her with that deep regret ſuch a loſs was calculated to excite in grateful and ſenſible hearts.

When they reached Moſcow, and deſcended from the carriage at the Imperial palace, a ſudden ruſh of painful recollections poured upon the Czarina's heart. It had once been the ſcene of love and of triumph; it had alſo been the ſcene of death and of deſpair,—of deſpair which had bordered upon madneſs. The torturing emotions which at one dreadful period when ſhe had beheld Feodor expiring, had poſſeſſed her ſoul, ſeemed again to occupy it: horror of the paſt inſpired dread of the future. "Oh, go not there, my ſon," ſhe wildly exclaimed, "go not to the haunts of murder!" "My beloved mother!" replied the Czar, "calm this frightful agitation; when "there are no murderers, we need not ap-"prehend murder."

"No *murderer!*" ſhe repeated, caſting a rapid and ſhuddering glance around the aſſembled nobles. Her eyes reſted on the coun-

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tenance of Prince Vaſſili, who was recovering from the effects of his wound, and having received a generous and unconditional pardon from Demetrius, had preſented himſelf, among the other nobles of Moſcow, at the entrance of the palace, to welcome the arrival of the Czarina. His pallid cheeks, contraſted with his dark brow, gave to his countenance an expreſſion of gloom and ferocity which almoſt juſtified the impreſſions it made on the Czarina, who, remembering in his perſon the friend and miniſter of the guilty Boris, overcome by the recollections thus awakened in her mind, fainted in the arms of her ſon, who inſtantly conveyed her to the palace, and by the moſt aſſiduous attentions at length recalled her to recollection. Flattering himſelf that a night's repoſe would reſtore her to compoſure, and diſſipate the vain alarms which poſſeſſed her imagination, he prevailed on her to retire to reſt, and bade her adieu with ſtrangely mingled emotions of pity, chaſtened by reſpect; of love, ſoftened by com-

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compaſſion; of pleaſure, tempered by regret.

On the following and the ſucceeding days the Czarina evidently attempted to ſubdue and conceal thoſe painful emotions ſhe in vain endeavoured to extinguiſh. The firſt glow of delight ſhe had experienced on being reſtored to her ſon, like the blaze of expiring embers, was tranſient as vivid, and gave way to a deep and oppreſſive melancholy. Each object recalled to her mind the memory of the murdered Feodor; and the view of Demetrius, moving amidſt the ſame ſcenes, elevated to the ſame rank, and performing the ſame duties, inſtead of being productive of the happineſs ſhe had anticipated, filled her with an apprehenſion painful to him and unaccountable even to herſelf, that his too would be the ſame fate.

Amongſt the various changes to which the human heart is liable, amidſt the various diſappointments to which mortality is expoſed, none is felt ſo keenly by ourſelves, none

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none is regarded with ſo much ſurprize by others, as that incapacity of receiving pleaſure, which is too often experienced by thoſe who have been long enured to pain. The wintry landſcape may revive beneath returning ſpring; but no *ſecond* ſpring awaits the withered heart: on its blighted bloſſoms the dews of ſympathy, the glance of affection, fall in vain. As eaſy were it to renew the blooming graces as the early feelings of unclouded youth; thoſe warm and ſunny feelings which, like the beams of Heaven, ſhed their own glowing colouring over every ſurrounding object; but when theſe beams are quenched, when theſe feelings are fled; though the ſcenes may remain the ſame, the light which adorned them with life, and ſplendour, and gaiety, is for ever extinguiſhed. Reaſon may tell us, the bleſſings we once ſo eagerly coveted are our own, the hope whoſe attainment ſeemed to promiſe a certainty of bliſs is fulfilled; but the heart replies, Yes! the bleſſings are conferred, the hope is attained, but the ſpi-

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rit of enjoyment is paſt. This ſtate of mind is the more to be deprecated, becauſe it is regarded with cenſure, and not with compaſſion. The generality of mankind can ſympathize with preſent misfortunes, with actual calamities; but few, very few, extend even indulgence to that fixed, yet ſettled gloom, which oppreſſes a heart, whoſe elaſtic ſpring, formerly reſponſive to the touch of mirth and gaiety, has been deſtroyed by the long and habitual preſſure of misfortune. The human mind is ever prone to cenſure what it cannot underſtand; and thoſe are condemned, as yielding to the ſullenneſs of deſpair, or the repinings of diſcontent, when in fact they are bending beneath the viſitation of Heaven. All this was experienced by the Czarina, and experienced with additional poignancy from the conviction that Demetrius beheld it with regret. In vain ſhe ſtruggled to command her feelings, in vain ſhe ſought to dreſs her face in ſmiles, when heavineſs dwelt at her heart; in vain ſhe inceſſantly recalled her preſent bleſſings to her remembrance. Alas!

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when it becomes neceſſary for others or ourſelves to remind us of our bleſſings, they have long ceaſed to be ſuch. But vain, for ever vain in ſuch a conteſt, is the voice of reaſon! it may teach us to endure, but cannot compel us to enjoy; it may induce reſignation, but cannot enforce happineſs.—When the chords of the harp are unſtrung, the hand of the maſter is exerciſed in vain: ſound it may indeed produce, but cannot command harmony.

The contraſt which the ſplendour and tumult of the palace preſented to the ſtillneſs and ſolitude of her cell, irritated, rather than gratified the feelings of the Czarina: and the reſpect paid, the flatteries addreſſed to her by the courtiers, no longer, as formerly, gratified her pride, or commanded her belief. She had ſeen the fluctuations of their conduct during the reigns of Ivan and Feodor; ſhe had heard of the ſervile regards they had paid to Boris; and ſhe had felt the neglect with which they had allowed her to pine in impriſonment. Her



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ſoul ſickened amidſt theſe ſcenes of flattery and diſſimulation, and ſhe requeſted her ſon's permiſſion to retire from a ſpot which, notwithſtanding his preſence, was rendered painful to her by a variety of combining cauſes. She urged that, by adopting a reſidence within a ſhort diſtance of the city, ſhe ſhould be enabled to behold him with as much frequency, and more freedom, than at preſent: they ſhould then be unfettered by the reſtraints of grandeur, and unconſtrained by the preſence of ſociety. Demetrius, though he liſtened to this propoſal with ſorrow, heſitated not to accord it his immediate compliance; and in a ſhort period a ſplendid habitation was prepared within a few verſts of Moſcow for the reception of the Czarina. Her health and ſpirits appeared benefited by this change, and Demetrius, in contemplating the effects with ſatisfaction, ceaſed to remember their cauſe with regret.



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## CHAP. III.

" He bears it high"———
" High !
" With uncontroul'd command ! you ſee already
" He will not be encumber'd with the fetters
" Of our advice — He ſpeaks his ſovereign will ;
" On every hand he iſſues out his orders
" To us, his natural ſlaves"———

THOMSON'S *Coriolanus.*

DEMETRIUS, on the day of his acceſſion to the throne, had diſpatched a courier into Poland with the intelligence of his brilliant and entire ſucceſs. He addreſſed a few words to the Princeſs of Sendomir, expreſſive of his eager hopes, his rapturous exultation at the approach of that moment, when he ſhould be enabled to claim and to receive her as the partner of his throne, and the miſtreſs of his fate. His inclinations would have prompted him to diſpatch an immediate embaſſy into Poland, for the purpoſe of publickly demanding the Princeſs in marriage; but the advice of Count

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Count Wieſnovitſki determined him to delay his eſpouſals, till the empire ſhould be reſtored to a ſtate of entire tranquillity.

The adherents of Feodor, the ſon of Boris, were ſtill numerous, and notwithſtanding the Czar's declaration of unlimited pardon, many of the troops yet maintained themſelves amongſt the faſtneſſes of the mountains, or the depths of the foreſts. Demetrius, whoſe preſence was requiſite in his capital, diſpatched an army, chiefly compoſed of Coſſacks, commanded by Koſanka, with directions to ſecure, if poſſible, the perſons of the refugees, without ſhedding their blood, and induce them to ſwear allegiance to their lawful ſovereign.

In the meantime Demetrius applied himſelf with infinite aſſiduity to reform ſeveral abuſes in the ſtate and army. He puniſhed many judges, convicted of iniquitous practices; he drew up a code of laws for the civil regulation of his ſubjects; he deſcended even to objects of more minute importance, and endeavoured to introduce the Poliſh



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cuſtoms and dreſs among his ſubjects. Beholding, with equal mortification and ſurprize, the utter ignorance in which the Ruſſian nation was involved, and judging that by deſtroying thoſe uſeleſs diſtinctions, which cuſtom had made, and prejudice continued, between themſelves and the ſurrounding nations, he ſhould alſo deſtroy the grand obſtacle to moral and intellectual improvement; he endeavoured by his own example to reconcile the minds of his people to theſe innovations. With ſurprize he diſcovered that this attempt was productive of univerſal diſcontent. Thoſe who had calmly beheld his regulations in affairs of the ſtate, murmured when his interference was extended to the intercourſe of ſocial life: the conſequences of the firſt were neither inſtantly felt, or clearly perceived; thoſe of the laſt were immediate. His ſubjects were required to renounce thoſe habits and ceremonies, which as their own were regarded with affection, as their anceſtors' with reverence.

Demetrius,

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Demetrius, with a gaiety of ſpirit and of manner peculiarly his own, at firſt endeavoured to conquer their reluctance by ridicule or raillery; but raillery, when employed againſt thoſe who poſſeſs a certain conſciouſneſs of inferiority, is always regarded as an expreſſion of contempt. The grave and haughty Boyards returned the playful addreſs of their Czar by a cold and repulſive ſilence, and his more ſerious remonſtrances, by a declaration that they preferred the obſervances of their anceſtors to thoſe of a foreign nation.

Contraſt of character has been ſaid to be productive of mutual gratification; but it muſt be a contraſt rather of manner than of mind, of accidental opinion, rather than of natural ſentiment; thoſe minds which never meet in agreement, can never allow for each other in diſſent. In opinion, in ſentiment, and in manner, Demetrius alike differed from the people whom he governed; while the peculiar nature of his paſt life had prevented him from acquiring that compre-



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henſive knowledge of human nature which enables its poſſeſſors to enter into, and make allowance for, weakneſſes and prejudices from which themſelves may be exempt. In the convent he had indeed ſeen man both the ſlave and victim of prejudice; but he had felt inclined to attribute this perverſion of the intellect to the peculiarity of his ſituation, rather than the conſtitution of his nature; beſides, though he had perceived its fatal effects, he was yet unacquainted with its impregnable force; it is only when oppoſed, that prejudice flings aſide the prieſtly gown or ſilken robe, to diſplay the impenetrable armour they conceal. The lion ſlumbers, till rouſed by the ſpear of the huntſman: the hurricane is ſilent, till it encounter the oppoſing rock. Demetrius, as he obtained not, during his conventual life, even a juſt acquaintance of the motives in which that life had originated, was alſo completely excluded from acquiring a knowledge of thoſe rapid fluctuations of feeling, thoſe variations of opinion, thoſe inconſiſ-

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tencies of conduct, which man discovers in a state of freedom. As the passions and the feelings of the human breast had in the convent appeared nearly extinguished, so in the court were they entirely concealed, (concealed at least from the discovery of the inexperienced Demetrius,) by the courteous phrase, the studied accent, the habitual self-possession; he here indeed acquired a knowledge of the *manners*, but he was still unacquainted with the *minds*, of his fellow creatures. The ocean's surface, smooth and bright, was disclosed to his view; but its dark abysses, its varied wonders, its fearful recesses, were unexplored. The camp shewed him man in a different, but equally delusive point of view. Here the passions were neither extinguished or repressed, but they were concentrated; and nothing raises the character so much above its natural level, nothing adorns it with so much temporary dignity; as the concentration of the passions, the feelings, and the hopes towards an object of importance. Here Demetrius had no



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opportunity of difcovering thofe petty foibles, thofe difgufting meanneffes, that revolting felfifhnefs, which are too often betrayed in the intercourfe of common fociety; he could not even difcover the vaft fuperiority of his own underftanding over that of the generality of makind; becaufe he had only to explain his wifhes, or deliver his commands, before he beheld them acquiefced in, or obeyed; and the agreement of the will, is often miftaken for the comprehenfion of the mind. But now, when he found himfelf called upon to adapt his ideas and language to the comprehenfions of all ranks and capacities; to explain his views and wifhes to a race of men, whofe progrefs in civilization had been merely fufficient to introduce its artificial diftinctions, but not its intellectual refinements, he difcovered, with furprife, his utter inability to influence the wills, or convince the underftandings, of his fubjects. When he perceived that his example and his recommendation failed to introduce thofe regulations

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lations he desired, he tried the influence of reason; finding them inaccessible to argument, he had recourse to raillery; when this also proved ineffectual, and, unwilling to command, where he yet hoped to convince, he sought amongst the Boyards for some noble, capable of assisting him in the task of reforming the manners and customs of the Russians. The idea of demanding the aid of Prince Vassili occurred to him. His genius had enabled this nobleman, though educated in the midst of ignorance and bigotry, to emerge *himself* from their dominion; at the same time that his judgment taught him the danger of combating them, without the most extreme caution, in *others*.

Demetrius, gratified by the enthusiasm with which he entered into his views, and the clearness with which he comprehended them, with all the confidence of a generous nature, believing that one who had received honours, liberty, nay even life at his hands, must be bound by every tie of



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gratitude and affection to his ſervice, determined, even in oppoſition to the advice of Count Wieſnovitſki, and the wiſhes of the Czarina, to avail himſelf of the Prince's aſſiſtance in effecting the reforms he meditated.

It was at this period, that Demetrius recalled to his remembrance the promiſe he had made the Princeſs Irene in the council chamber, on the day of his acceſſion to the throne, and, determining to fulfil it, viſited the ſecluded habitation where dwelt the family of the late triumphant Boris. The Czar was conducted to the preſence of his predeceſſor's now deſerted conſort, who received him with an attention which bordered upon ſervility. Demetrius renewed his promiſe of protection to herſelf and family, and, while making this aſſurance, Irene entered the apartment and advanced towards him; not as he had before beheld her, with diſheveled locks and ſtreaming eyes, poſſeſſed of courage to brave the preſence of a numerous aſſembly;

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bly; but with timid air and downcaſt glances.

The Czar gazed upon her with increaſed ſurpriſe and renewed admiration. The ſoft bloom of her youthful countenance, the graceful movements of her ſlender figure, the air of modeſty which ſeemed to envelop her, and which ſo often inſpires a greater degree of reſpect than the proudeſt majeſty or coldeſt reſerve, excited his admiration, while it forbade the expreſſion of it; and with a degree of heſitation, as if fearing to offend by recalling it to her remembrance, he alluded to the ſcene which had paſſed in the council chamber; and alledged his various duties and employments as the cauſes of his having, till the preſent moment, delayed to ratify the promiſe he had then made. A degree of confuſion appeared in her countenance, as ſhe raiſed her eyes towards Demetrius, and expreſſed her gratitude.

"My unfortunate daughter," ſaid the late Czarina, "has greatly condemned her im-



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" prudence, for intruding unauthorised into
" your presence; but fear for a mother's
" safety induced her to do that, which
" a mother's *prudence* must condemn,
" though a mother's *love* may pardon."
" Pardon!" repeated Demetrius, as he glanced his eye over the beautiful and retiring form of Irene, and thought, how great must have been that filial affection which could induce her timid feelings to brave the presence of the multitude! The exclamation was understood—and both the Czarina and her daughter were satisfied with it. The visits of Demetrius at the palace of Godonof, were frequently renewed, and with encreasing satisfaction. The attention with which Irene hung on his words, the assenting smile, the approving glance with which she repaid them, possessed a charm, felt, though not understood, by Demetrius. In restoring the family of the late Czar to their hereditary rank and possessions, and in maintaining a frequent intercourse with them, he believed himself

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himſelf actuated by the moſt generous and diſintereſted motives; and knew not that, far from ſubduing his prejudices, he was indulging his inclinations. Not that his heart was touched by the faſcinations of Irene; but his vanity was flattered by her attentions—attentions ſufficiently obvious to gratify his feelings, but not ſufficiently apparent to awaken his ſuſpicions. Irene, meantime, imagined her influence over the Czar was daily augmenting, and flattered herſelf that, with the aid of the Patriarch and Prince Vaſſili, ſhe ſhould obtain *that* ſtation to which, ſince the acceſſion of Demetrius, her ambitious hopes had aſpired.

Count Wieſnovitſki beheld the ſcene which was acting with ſurpriſe and alarm. From the knowledge he had already acquired of the Ruſſian nation, he feared they might view, with diſlike, the elevation of a foreign Princeſs to their Czar's imperial throne; he alſo feared that the noble family of the Princeſs Irene, and her numerous adherents among the Boyards of the empire, would induce them to indulge hopes re-

ſpecting

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ſpecting their Czar's union with her, which his conduct was but too much calculated to encourage. While theſe reflections were paſſing through the mind of the Count, he was ſurpriſed by the ſudden entrance of their object.

"My friend," ſaid Demetrius, advancing towards him, "too long have I obeyed "the dictates of prudence; it is time that "love ſhould now re-aſſume its rights. "This morning, to my aſſembled council, "I propoſe declaring my intention of diſ-"patching an embaſſy into Poland, to de-"mand in marriage the Princeſs of Sen-"domir. I come to requeſt your attend-"ance, and that of my Poliſh friends, that "I may at leaſt view ſome ſerene counte-"nances around me, ſhould thoſe of my "boyards diſplay ſullenneſs or diſcontent "at the declaration of my will."

"You then apprehend," demanded the Count, "the oppoſition of your ſubjects?"

"I apprehend," replied Demetrius, while a frown darkened his brow, "oppoſition "from

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" from my ſubjects, in all that is juſt, or
" wiſe, or noble. Involved in the delu-
" ſions of error, they yet behold, with
" alarm, the hand their ſovereign would
" extend, to draw aſide the veil which
" conceals truth from their view."

" It may, however," ſaid the Count, " be
" drawn aſide too haſtily. The eye, which is
" accuſtomed to gloom, is dazzled, but not
" *enlightened* by a ſudden effuſion of light."

" True," replied Demetrius, " and my
" anxiety to obtain their unanimous appro-
" bation of my preſent propoſal is ſo
" powerful, that I will permit my ſubjects
" to ſhroud themſelves, awhile, amidſt the
" thickeſt gloom of prejudice and ſuper-
" ſtition, provided they do not inſiſt upon
" *involving* their ſovereign in their own
" *beloved* darkneſs."

Demetrius ſpoke with an air of contempt and aſperity, which alarmed the prudence of Count Wieſnovitſki. He had, of late, remarked, with much concern and apprehenſion, the encreaſed impatience of the Czar's

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Czar's feelings and manner. Quick, fiery, ardent, impatient of oppofition, yet open to entreaty; foon offended, as eafily appeafed; impetuous in all his purfuits, rapid in all his movements; his active fpirit panting to execute, what his eagle genius conceived; he felt irritated at the contraft prefented in the deliberate proceedings, the cautious enquiries, the doubting fpirit, of his Ruffian fubjects. Poffeffing a clear underftanding, which enabled him to feparate truth from the adventitious circumftances by which it is fo frequently furrounded, he was furprifed and mortified at beholding his people, the flaves to the groffeft fuperftition; regarding a crofs or a painting with a reverence due only to their Creator, and filently betraying their horror or aftonifhment at his neglect of thefe obfervances, which to *them* conftituted religion itfelf.

Count Wiefnovitfki had beheld this oppofition of character between Demetrius and his fubjects with deep regret; and he feared that his prefent defign, if carried into execu-

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execution, would ſtill further alienate their affections. He ſaw, however, in the kindling eye and glowing cheek of the Czar, that on this ſubject he would not, even from him, brook either advice or oppoſition; he determined, therefore, to comply with his requeſt, and attend him to the council chamber. When they entered it, they found the Ruſſians already aſſembled, and waiting, with the countenances of grave deliberation, the preſence of their Czar.

Demetrius prefaced the declaration he was prepared to make, by explaining the advantages which would reſult from his union with a foreign princeſs, rather than by adhering to the cuſtoms of his anceſtors, in eſpouſing one of his own ſubjects. He then briefly touched upon the engagement he had entered into, when in Poland, with the Princeſs of Sendomir, and, in a calm and decided tone, declared his intention of diſpatching an embaſſy to claim the fulfilment of her promiſe, and to conduct her into Ruſſia. He pauſed—but a ſullen ſilence pervaded

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vaded the aſſembly. Demetrius, irritated at this tacit diſapprobation, which to his impatient ſpirit was more diſpleaſing than open remonſtrance, glancing his eye around the nobles, demanded their opinions.

"If we are aſſembled here, as Your "Majeſty's ſpeech imports," replied the patriarch, "merely to aſſent to the propoſal "you have made, our opinions can be of "little avail: but ſince, however, you re-"quire them from us, I will venture to "incur your diſpleaſure, by obeying your "commands, and declare that, by diſſent-"ing from the long-eſtabliſhed cuſtoms of "your anceſtors, you diſappoint the ex-"pectations of your ſubjects, who had an-"ticipated a far different alliance."

"What alliance?" haughtily demanded Demetrius. "The Princeſs Irene! the "Princeſs Irene!" was murmured through the apartment. The attitude and expreſſion of the Czar betrayed the utmoſt aſtoniſhment. "The Princeſs Irene!" he exclaimed, and would have added, "the "daughter

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" daughter of a tyrant—the deſcendant of " a murderer!" but the recollection of her ſweet and playful charms, her innocent and bewitching manner, darted acroſs his mind, and checked the expreſſion of his ſurpriſe. The heſitation of his manner induced the nobles to believe he might comply with their wiſhes, and ſeveral of the boyards now openly expreſſed what they had long ſecretly deſired.

The firmneſs of the Czar's manner, however, ſoon diſſipated this tranſitory hope. They were aſſembled, he ſaid, for compliance, and not for deliberation; in following the dictates of inclination and honour, he alſo provided for the intereſts of his ſubjects; and their indifference to his happineſs, ſhould not render him inſenſible to their welfare. Without attending to the various objections which were now addreſſed to him, he abruptly diſſolved the council, and retiring to his palace, ſecluded himſelf, even from the preſence of Count Wieſnoviſki, to retrace, with feelings of deep mor-

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mortification, the disappointments which had attended him since his accession to the throne of Russia.

In our progress towards the attainment of a desired object, though our hopes may frequently be depressed, our exertions for a time discouraged, by numerous and unexpected obstacles; still the final goal of these hopes is ever present to the mental view; still the prospect of future bliss, secures from the duration of present despondence; but when this goal is finally attained, and instead of the fairy fabric which shone in the distance, a tangled thicket presents itself to our view; when thorns alone appear, where roses seemed to bloom—when tempests threaten, where the smiling sky promised an eternal spring—then it is that the soul sickens in all the bitterness of disappointment, abandons itself to all the repinings of discontent.

Demetrius, in anticipating the moment when he should reign undisputed sovereign over the empire of his ancestors, dreamed not

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not that in his ſubjects he ſhould encounter the oppoſition of prejudice, or the murmurs of diſapprobation, inſtead of the eagerneſs of coalition, or the acquieſcence of gratitude. The genius of the Ruſſian people ſeemed no longer the ſame as when he had beheld them amidſt the hour of tumult and of danger, patient of privation, diſplaying qualities the moſt heroic, ſacrificing their peace, riſking their lives in the cauſe of their ſovereign. Was this the nation, who now appeared a race of bigots, devoted to idle ceremonies, and regarding their infringement as the height of ſacrilege? The metamorphoſis was indeed a ſtriking, but not an unaccountable one.

In ſcenes of terror, in periods of revolution, the great and powerful faculties of man are arouſed. At the blaſt of the trumpet, the heroes of the human race, (thoſe ſouls of fire, and hearts of daring,) ſtart forth into action. Their ſuperiority is felt, and is obeyed; the multitude catch their enthuſiaſm; unimagined faculties are diſ-

played;

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played; unwonted energies exerted; habits are forgotten; superstition for a while reposes. But let these external excitements to exertion cease, and we behold mankind sinking again into their former uninteresting calm, returning to their past pursuits of pleasure, or routine of employment. The spirit of superstition again asserts her rights; again the force of habit re-assumes her empire: that very genius, which was relied on for support, or applied to for guidance, is now regarded as useless, or condemned as dangerous: its ascendancy is no longer felt, therefore its existence is disputed; its protection is no longer required, therefore its necessity is denied. In fine, amidst the hour of tumult, the moment of danger, the interval of dread—genius takes the lead; during the season of security and peace—mediocrity triumphs.

CHAP.

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## CHAP. IV.

" Yes! crowds will ſtill believe, and prieſts will teach
" As wand'ring fancy, and as intereſt lead,
" Who would be great but to be happy too?
" And yet ſuch ideots are we to exchange
" Our peace and pleaſure for the trifle glory."

*The Royal Convert.*

DEMETRIUS, diſſatisfied with others, and *ill* at eaſe with himſelf, towards the cloſe of day mounted his courſer, and, accompanied by a few attendants, rode rapidly through the ſtreets of Moſcow towards the palace of the Czarina. The Ruſſians, who, according to cuſtom, were aſſembled before their habitations, engaged in converſation, or calmly purſuing their grave and national game, gazed after him, as he paſſed with a velocity which almoſt defied the purſuit of viſion.

" Oh, it was not thus," ſaid an aged Ruſſian, addreſſing the group beſide him, " it was not thus in the days of the Czar " Ivan; *he* never appeared, unleſs attended

" by

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" by a grand and numerous retinue, and
" parading ſlowly through the ſtreets, to
" receive the bleſſings of his ſubjects, as
" they were permitted to approach and to
" behold him."

" True," replied another citizen, " nor
" even during the reign of the late Czar
" were the venerable cuſtoms of our an-
" ceſtors neglected, the ſacrilegious catholics
" permitted by their preſence to profane
" our holy temples, nor did the Czar him-
" ſelf refuſe to bow before the hallowed
" croſs, and neglect the ancient habits of
" the ſovereigns, to aſſume that of the
" Poles."

" What are trifles ſuch as theſe," ex-
claimed a ſoldier, who had liſtened with in-
dignation to the preceding ſpeeches, " what
" are trifles ſuch as theſe, to thoſe who
" have ſeen the Czar as *I* have ſeen him in
" the hour of battle, ruſhing with the moſt
" fearleſs intrepidity, amidſt the thickeſt
" ſquadrons of the enemy, and ſcattering
" terror and confuſion through their ranks;



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" yet cool and collected, forgetting not, in
" the courage of the ſoldier, the duties of
" the commander: then, when the victory
" was gained, when the day was our own,
" humane, merciful, and gentle, ſtaying
" the arm of death, arreſting the progreſs
" of deſtruction. Oh, he is indeed a hero!
" he is indeed the ſon of Ivan Vaſſilie-
" vitch!" This ſpeech, made with the accent and energy of truth, produced a temporary change of feeling in the minds of its auditors, who now ſpoke of their Czar's noble mien, firm manner, and blooming countenance, the love he bore, and the reſpect he paid to the Czarina Feodorofna; and the clemency he had diſplayed towards the partiſans of the Czar Boris.

*Demetrius*, meantime, unconſcious either of cenſure or applauſe, reached the Czarina's palace, and purſued his way, as uſual, to the apartment ſhe commonly occupied. On entering it, he ſtarted with amazement, not unmixed with diſpleaſure, at the ſcene he beheld.

 The

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The Czarina, pale and trembling, was ſeated on a couch; near her ſtood the Patriarch, in the habit of his order, who, with a grave and impoſing aſpect, appeared to be requeſting her attention to ſome documents he was preſenting to her examination. At a ſhort diſtance was the fair Irene, whoſe eye was fixed on the Czarina's countenance, in eager expectation of the ſpeech ſhe was preparing to addreſs to the Patriarch. At this moment the Czarina raiſed her eyes, and encountered the aſtoniſhed gaze of her ſon, who had entered the apartment without being perceived by the aſſembled group, and had remained a ſilent ſpectator of their proceedings. The exclamation which burſt from the lips of the Czarina, and the fixed gaze of her eye, induced the Patriarch and Irene to turn to the ſpot whither it was directed. The glances they inſtantly exchanged of ſurpriſe and alarm, were not unnoticed by Demetrius, who, now perceiving himſelf diſcovered, advanced with a calm and dignified aſpect

towards

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towards them. The Princeſs Irene immediately retreated towards a diſtant ſpot in the apartment: the Patriarch endeavoured to conceal his confuſion, by aſſuming an air of gravity and deliberation; while the Czarina, feeling reaſſured by the preſence of her ſon, caſt upon him a glance of welcome and affection. A pauſe of ſome length enſued. Demetrius was the firſt to interrupt the painful ſilence. "My Lord," ſaid he, addreſſing the Patriarch, with an air of ſtern and keen enquiry, "what is "the nature of theſe tranſactions which are "thus carrying on without my ſanction, or "my knowledge? What means the alarm, "which my preſence has excited, and "whence this unexpected viſit from the "Princeſs Irene to the Czarina Feodo-"rofna?" His calm aſpect, his penetrating eye, fixed with unrelenting gaze upon the countenance of the Patriarch, encreaſed his confuſion. At length, after ſome heſitation, he replied, "Your Majeſty muſt have per-"ceived the zeal which, ſince your acceſſion



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" to the throne, has invariably influenced
" my conduct. In the morning council,
" the disapprobation with which your pur-
" posed alliance with a Polish princess was
" received, excited my apprehension, and
" induced by regard for your honour and
" security, I was desirous"——

" To excite the fears of maternal ten-
" tenderness," interrupted Demetrius, " and,
" through the influence of a beloved and
" respected parent, regulate the conduct of
" her son. My Lord, you do not compre-
" hend the character of him who now
" addresses you, if you imagine he is
" ever weakly turned aside by vain alarms
" or futile objections from pursuing a
" conduct which honour dictates, and
" which reason sanctions. For you, Lady,"
continued he, advancing towards Irene,
who at his approach ventured to raise her
eyes towards him, " for you, Lady, whose
" presence here betrays at once your cha-
" racter, and your views, entertain not a
" moment's hope of beholding me the
" victim

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" victim of your ambitious expectations.
" Beauty, ſuch as yours, might once, in-
" deed, have held my heart in thrall; al-
" though my reaſon and my feelings
" had equally oppoſed the boſom's bon-
" dage; but now," and a ſmile of triumph played on his lips, " the remembrance of
" an angel has preſerved me from the
" ſpells of a ſyren. *You* have no more to
" hope, nor *I* to fear."

The eye of Irene, during this ſpeech, had gradually ſunk beneath that of the Czar's; and now overwhelmed with confuſion, yet glowing with reſentment, ſhe haſtily advanced to the door of the apartment: the Patriarch followed her, and, addreſſing ſome expreſſions to Demetrius, declarative of regret for the ſcene which had paſſed, yet of loyalty and attachment to the Czar, *he* alſo retired from the apartment.

Demetrius approached the Czarina; and endeavoured to ſubdue the alarm which the repreſentations of the Patriarch had excited.



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He assured her, that the objections alledged by the Russians against his union with a foreign princess, were those of prejudice, and not of reason; and that when once induced to perceive the advantages which would result from an alliance with a powerful nation, they would feel as anxious for his union with his beloved Marina, as they were now averse to it. The Czarina endeavoured to believe the assertions of Demetrius, but her pale cheek and perturbed manner convinced him she still suffered from her recent agitation. Demetrius, remarking this with regret and apprehension, entreated her to retire to rest and endeavour to compose her agitated spirits, and subdue her unnecessary alarms.

From this period, the decision and determination displayed in the conduct of Demetrius, commanded the acquiescence, though it could not induce the approbation of his subjects. The preparations for the embassy were at length completed; and Count Wiesnovitski, many Polish nobles, and a few of

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of the Ruſſian Boyards, attended by a numerous and ſplendid train, departed from Moſcow, for the firſt time, to demand for a Czar of Ruſſia the hand of a Princeſs of Poland.

Demetrius having requeſted Count Wieſnovitſki not to betray to Marina the reluctance with which his ſubjects had acquieſced in his wiſhes, himſelf addreſſed her in terms of the moſt glowing and rapturous expectation. He bade her, indeed, prepare to view a land leſs lovely, and a race leſs poliſhed, than thoſe ſhe had been hitherto accuſtomed to behold. "But what influence," continued he, "will external circumſtances "have over a happineſs which each will "receive alone from the other, which "would exiſt as entire in a cottage, as "upon a throne, in a deſart, as in a city?"

Count Wieſnovitſki, before his departure, renewed his entreaties to the Czar, that he would endeavour to reconcile himſelf to ſome of the cuſtoms and prejudices of his ſubjects; or, at leaſt, if he refuſed to ac-



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cede to them himſelf, that he would ceaſe the ineffectual and dangerous attempt of oppoſing them in others. "My ſubjects," replied Demetrius, "ſhall never find me "the tyrant of their actions; ſo neither "ſhall they ever behold me the ſlave of "their caprices."

Count Wieſnovitſki perceived all expoſtulation was vain; but hoped that the gentle influence of Marina might produce *that*, which his advice had hitherto failed to effect,—ſome degree of reſpect for thoſe prejudices which, though abſurd and frivolous in themſelves, were ennobled by the religious motive in which they originated.

Demetrius, after the departure of Count Wieſnovitſki and his Poliſh companions, found himſelf in the midſt of this Imperial city without one friend or counſellor, except Prince Vaſſili, whom he ſtill regarded with eſteem and reſpect. The Hetman Koſanka, after having returned to Moſcow, ſucceſsful from the warfare he had been engaged in, had requeſted permiſſion to retire to his native

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native territory, which, after beſtowing on him conſiderable rewards and diſtinctions, Demetrius reluctantly permitted. The Czar, who had been rendered ſuſpicious of the Patriarch, as well as of the Princeſs Irene, avoided all communication with the former, except when the exerciſe of his public functions made it abſolutely requiſite; and wholly withdrew his ſociety, though not his protection, from the family of Boris Godonof. This conduct ſtill farther alienated the affections of his ſubjects, whoſe diſpleaſure was however diſplayed rather by coldneſs and ſullenneſs, than complaints or ſupplications.

At this period the Turks made an incurſion into the Ukraine, and ravaged that fertile and populous diſtrict. The encreaſing frequency of theſe inroads, ſuggeſted to Demetrius the advantages which would reſult from erecting fortifications on the boundaries of his empire; and ſtrengthening the barriers, which nature had already placed, between Ruſſia and Turkey. The



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Czar had drawn out of Poland a number of mechanics and artifans, and ftill continued to attract others, by the promifes of high rewards, from the furrounding nations. He now proceeded to employ thefe in the erection of fortifications in the environs of Mofcow, which were not merely intended for the purpofe of defending the city, but were to ferve as models for thofe to be erected on the confines of the Ukraine.

Prince Vaffili entered into all the views of Demetrius with an enthufiafm, apparently equal to his own; he readily comprehended, and eagerly executed all his inftructions refpecting the completion of the works, with that quicknefs of perception, and promptitude of performance, which are at once gratifying and fatisfactory.

Demetrius, anxious to inftruct his Ruffian foldiers in the various manœuvres of attack and defence, exercifed them in mock combats, and ever the moft eager among the affailants, or the moft determined among the defendants, his example encouraged,



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while his approbation rewarded, their exertions. In these scenes, the affability of Demetrius, the influence of his commanding, firm, and dignified countenance, insensibly created an attachment in the breasts of the soldiery. *Here* there was no opposition of feeling or prejudice; all were agreed in opinion, all were united in action. Prince Vassili beheld this change with secret dissatisfaction. Aware of the horror which the Czar's neglect of some of the most sacred and long-established customs of his ancestors had created in the minds of his subjects, he determined, by placing this neglect in a striking point of view, to prevent the increasing popularity of Demetrius among his army.

Prince Vassili was one in whose heart the better feelings of his nature had long been quelled, amidst the stormy passions of ambition, hatred, and revenge; all stimulated him to attempt the destruction of Demetrius, and he had never yet feared to execute, what he had dared to purpose. He had



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attentively ſtudied, and now perfectly comprehended the character of the Czar. He had diſcovered, with ſatisfaction, his little acquaintance with human nature; and rejoiced at beholding his frequent and unavailing attempts to eradicate thoſe local and religious prejudices from the minds of his ſubjects, without which ſociety would ſcarcely retain an exiſtence; which are as often the ſources of the moſt heroic, as of the moſt debaſing actions; and on whoſe direction, rather than on whoſe nature, depends whether their effects be pernicious or beneficial. Prince Vaſſili felt likewiſe the infinite advantage which the unſuſpicious nature of the Czar, gave him in his attempts to render him unpleaſing to his ſubjects; and he availed himſelf, without compunction, of the unguarded, yet generous, reliance placed in him by his ſovereign.

The fortifications, which had been erected near the city, were to be ſtormed by Demetrius, and defended by Prince Vaſſili. Previous to the day appointed for this mock combat,

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combat, the Prince ſecretly commanded the erection of a croſs on an eminence ſufficiently conſpicuous, to attract the attention of the ſoldiers. When Demetrius was conducting his party to the aſſault, and encouraging them with his voice and geſtures to attack the defending troops, he was ſurpriſed at beholding the whole band in the attitude of devotion, bowing and croſſing themſelves with the utmoſt ſolemnity. The unexpected effect of this ſcene excited the amuſement, and called forth the raillery of Demetrius. His troops expreſſed their horror at the irreverent manner in which he addreſſed them, and refuſed to obey his commands of advancing to the aſſault. The Czar, extremely irritated, threatened to chaſtiſe them, if they perſiſted in their refuſal; and, after a time, they reluctantly commenced the attack; but their former energy had vaniſhed; and Demetrius found himſelf conducting a ſet of machines, whoſe actions it was indeed in his power to direct,

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but whofe minds he was not enabled to influence or infpire.

The Czar's facrilegious difregard of the crofs was foon circulated throughout all ranks, and excited univerfal alarm and reprehenfion. The return of the embaffy from Poland, accompanied by the Princefs of Sendomir, now diverted the thoughts of the Ruffians,—but diverted them only to another fource of difcontent.

Irritation, regret, difappointment, every painful retrofpect, or gloomy anticipation, were banifhed from the mind of Demetrius at the certainty of Marina's approach. His extreme anxiety to behold and welcome her induced him to advance towards the frontiers, in order to conduct her himfelf to Mofcow. Mounted on his fiery and favourite fteed, whofe fpirit feemed, like his mafter's, too etherial for a being of earth, he departed from Mofcow, and advanced towards the town of Alexin, through which the embaffy was to pafs. On his entrance, the numerous and fplendid crowd which thronged the

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ſtreets, the ſound of bells, and the trampling of ſteeds, proclaimed it already arrived. Demetrius, galloping through the ſtreets, advanced to the palace where the embaſſy was accommodated, haſtily diſmounted, and commanded to be conducted to the apartment occupied by the Princeſs of Sendomir. He entered it, and beheld Marina; he ruſhed forward, and flung himſelf at her feet. She aroſe from the couch on which ſhe was ſeated, and reſting for ſupport in his extended arms, endeavoured to conceal the exceſs of her agitation, which yet her trembling frame, her faultering voice betrayed.

"My Marina! we are then met, and "met to part no more!" exclaimed Demetrius, "Oh! how does this moment of bliſs "repay me for all my doubts, my diſap-"pointments!—

"For all your dangers and your ſuffer-"ing?" demanded Marina, with a glance which ſhewed him how deeply ſhe had felt the firſt, and participated in the laſt. The feelings of Demetrius, during the enſuing interview,

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interview, were full of hope and exultation; those of Marina were more subdued, but more tender; *she* recalled his past sufferings; *he* dwelt on his future happiness; *his* bosom throbbed with love and rapture; *her's* with love indeed, but love—softened by undefinable emotions of timidity and apprehension. Even the alteration which had taken place in the person of Demetrius, since she last beheld him, excited a slight sensation of awe, and of restraint. His former brilliant bloom was exchanged for the warrior's sun-burnt hue; his stature, though not impaired in grace, was more lofty, more commanding; and the conflicts of mind, the struggles of feelings he had endured, had impressed some deeper traces of thought upon his brow. A single glance made Marina sensible of this change; but soon his well-remembered smile, his pleasure beaming eye, his soft impressive accents, shewed him again the Demetrius of former days. The Czar beheld little alteration in the person of Marina; but her air and manner were more timid

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and leſs unconſtrained than formerly. Demetrius ſought to diſſipate the feelings which had given birth to this change, by relating ſome of the various events which had occurred ſince their ſeparation; and the perception of external circumſtance and preſent time was alike forgotten, in the delightful intercourſe which ſucceeded, when the titles of Czar of Ruſſia, and Princeſs of Sendomir, were no longer remembered in the dearer and more heartfelt appellations of Demetrius and Marina.

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## CHAP. V.

" This is some fellow
" Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
" A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
" Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he!—
" An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
" An they will take it, so: if not, he's plain."

*King Lear.*

ALL nature seemed to harmonize with the feelings of Demetrius and Marina, as they pursued their journey from Alexin to the Imperial city. When they reached the extensive plain which the Czar had before crossed upon his first entrance into Moscow, his pleasurable emotions received a sudden check, from an apprehension that the reception his subjects might *now* give him, would offer a painful contrast to *that* which they had then bestowed. He was humbled at the idea of attaching an importance to the united plaudits of those whom, individually, he despised or disregarded; yet

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yet he felt that to behold his beloved Marina received with apathy, or regarded with disapprobation by his subjects, would, notwithstanding his conviction of the futility, either of their applause or censure, prove inexpressibly painful to his feelings; and he anxiously hoped, though he secretly doubted, that her reception might be such as would impress her with a favourable opinion of the people over whom she was destined to reign.

A custom, long established both amongst the Poles and Russians, prescribed the interval of a month between the public demand of a female in marriage, and the solemnization of her nuptials. As this period was not yet expired, Demetrius had prepared a temporary, though splendid, habitation for the Princess, in the environs of Moscow. As the train passed through the spacious squares and streets of the city, the fears of Demetrius were indeed verified: no shout of gratulation arose; no sound of "Long life to Demetrius," now re-echoed around.

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around. The palaces of the nobility ſeemed purpoſely deſerted, while the dwellings of the inferior orders, here and there, exhibited a few citizens, whom curioſity, rather than reſpect, had attracted. The eye of Demetrius flaſhed with indignation as it glanced over the ſullen and ſilent ſpectators. When they reached the Imperial palace, the cry of "Long live Demetrius!" proceeded from the guards and attendants ſtationed around the entrance; and from thence to the approach of the habitation deſtined for the reception of the Princeſs, the air re-echoed with the exclamations of "Long life to the "Czar of Ruſſia!—welcome to the Prin- "ceſs of Sendomir!"—but theſe ſounds proceeded not from the Ruſſian citizens, but the Poliſh ſoldiers—thoſe brave and faithful Poles, who had ſhared in the dangers of Demetrius, who had remained to witneſs his glory, and who now hailed, with unfeigned ſatisfaction, the arrival of a Poliſh Princeſs, about to join her deſtiny with him they ſo dearly loved, and highly honoured.

As

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As the Czar and Princeſs deſcended from the carriage, Demetrius, turning to the Poles, by whom it was ſurrounded, ſaid, in an elevated tone, his countenance glowing with varying and contending emotions,

" Thanks, generous and noble people! " for the expreſſion of regard you have " teſtified towards myſelf, and the animated " reception you have beſtowed on the " Princeſs of Sendomir. It is doubly " prized, as it is ſtrongly contraſted with " the cold and ungracious conduct of my " native ſubjects."

The imprudence and ſingularity of this addreſs eſcaped the notice of Marina. Wholly engroſſed by her own reflections, ſhe had, ſince her entrance into the city, neither regarded the perturbed air and unwonted ſilence of Demetrius, or the ſullen ſtillneſs of the people: their uncouth garbs and ſtrange geſtures created a painful emotion, by reminding her that ſhe was in a foreign land; but ſhe recollected that this land was that of Demetrius; and the ſigh of

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of patriotiſm was exchanged for the ſmile of love. When the exclamations of the Poles, however, attracted her attention, when ſhe beheld the eagerneſs with which they preſſed to greet and to behold her, the full tide of affection for her native country poured again upon her heart, and, with tearful eyes and glowing cheeks, ſhe gracefully expreſſed her thanks, as Demetrius conducted her towards her intended habitation.

The Czar felt convinced that the Ruſſian Boyards, although at preſent prejudiced againſt this union with a foreign Princeſs, would feel all oppoſition of ſentiment and of opinion vaniſh, when once acquainted with the perſonal charms and mental graces of Marina. Anxious, therefore, to introduce the Ruſſian nobility, of both ſexes, to his intended bride; he determined to celebrate her arrival by a ſplendid fête given in her palace gardens, which were of conſiderable extent. They were, on this occaſion, brilliantly illuminated by coloured

lamps,

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lamps, attached, in various and fantaſtic forms, to the ſpreading and graceful branches of the trees, with which they abounded. Theſe were reflected in the waters of the Moſca, which flowed through this quarter of the city. The whole ſcene was brilliant and animated: the long robes of the Ruſſians, ſparkling with gold and jewels; the equally magnificent, and more graceful mantle of the Poles, flaſhing amidſt the foliage, receiving, and at the ſame time reflecting, the luſtre of the lamps; the full harmonious concert, which proceeded from a band concealed amidſt the groves; the ſoft and balmy influence of the evening breezes; all ſeemed calculated to inſpire mirth and harmony, to baniſh care and diſcord from the heart. But man gives to, not receives the colour of his mind from, external objects. The appearance, both of the Czar and Princeſs, in the Poliſh coſtume—the preſence of the nobility of this favoured nation—the occaſion of the fête itſelf, conſpired to ſpread the gloom of diſ-

content

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content over the countenances of the Ruſſians; although the Princeſs, when they were preſented to her, received them with even more than her accuſtomed grace and courteſy; and Demetrius mingled in the converſation with that ſpirit and vivacity which had formerly diffuſed animation and pleaſure throughout the more poliſhed circles of Cracow.

No intercourſe, perhaps, is ſo difficult to maintain, or productive of ſo much reciprocal uneaſineſs, as that between a cultivated and an uncultivated underſtanding. In the diſcuſſion of local ſubjects, the diſtinction between them is not ſo viſible; but when forced from the protecting topics of character and events; mind encounters mind in the open field of ſentiment and opinion; then it is that the ſuperiority of natural talent or acquired knowledge is mutually and painfully perceived. Demetrius and Marina ſoon became ſenſible of this, when converſing with the Ruſſian Boyards; the vacant eye or aſtoniſhed gaze, with which they noticed

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noticed a literary allusion, a flash of the imagination, an observation of the reason, excited an emotion of contempt in the breast of the Czar, and in that of the Princess, a mingled sentiment of wonder and regret. They were neither aware that the Russians indulged a peculiar species of gratification in thus displaying their ignorance. Superior attainments or superior abilities are often regarded with a strange mixture of real envy and affected contempt. Ignorance, when aware that it cannot escape detection, proclaims itself with an air of defiance rather than of humility, and endeavours to insinuate the inutility of that knowledge, whose very existence is a tacit reproach on its own. Thus the Russians, equally detesting the innovations Demetrius had made in their customs, and the refinements he had introduced into his court, availed themselves of every opportunity to express these sentiments. Prince Vassili, who was present at this scene, endeavoured to introduce a topic, which he was aware was particularly cal-



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culated to call forth this dissimilarity of opinion. This was the late incursion of the Turks into the Ukraine, the possible conquest of their empire, and consequent annexion to that of Russia.

The idea of rescuing Greece from the dominion of barbarians had, since his accession to the throne, been the favourite project of Demetrius; and he rejoiced at hearing a scheme which he had so often secretly meditated now publickly suggested.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, with his natural enthusiasm, "we will visit this proud and "potent nation; we will deprive her of "her works of art, the treasures of fallen "Greece; we will transport them to "Russia; my people will soon be as re-"nowned for talents as for valour; my "court will soon become the asylum of "the arts, and the temple of the muses."

"Greece," rejoined Count Wiesnovitski, who was not aware that his assertion was likely to excite indignation or provoke opposition, "has ever been fertile in genius:

"painting,

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" painting, ſculpture, architecture, at once
" ſimple and grand, literature and poetry,
" all have flouriſhed in Greece. This is
" indeed a conqueſt which would ſhed a
" luſtre over your reign."

The ancient General Sergorof, who had early eſpouſed the cauſe of Demetrius, and whoſe courage and military talents were only equalled by his ignorance and bigotry, having attended with ſullen contempt to ſentiments ſo uncongenial with his own, now ſaid:

" And what beneficial effects is this
" genius, ſo much coveted and admired,
" capable of producing?"

" What effect is it capable of producing,
" my Lord?" ſaid Demetrius, " it ſoftens
" the character of man; it exalts that of
" woman; it gives a grace to virtue, and
" a charm to wiſdom; it aids the ardour of
" the combatant; but checks the ſword of
" the conqueror."—Demetrius ſuddenly paused; for he recollected the character of him whom he was addreſſing, and the want



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of ſympathy which, in the concluding ſentiment, had always exiſted between them.—The Marſhall remarking his heſitation, but not aware of its cauſe, replied,

" That it ſoftens the character of man, " and exalts that of woman, I can readily " believe; for it teaches one ſex to ſhrink " from their duties, the other to deſpiſe " them; to neglect the diſtaff, or throw away " the ſword. It may perhaps befit the idle " and luxuriant natives of more ſouthern " climes to dream away their lives in uſe- " leſs purſuits and viſionary raptures; but " it would equally unfit our hardy warriors " for their noble employ, or our women " for their moral and domeſtic duties."

The Princeſs had attended to the preceding converſation, and the ſlight feeling of timidity and embarraſſment, which had hitherto rendered her more ſilent than uſual, vaniſhed before the ſurprize and indignation ſuch a ſpeech was calculated to produce.

" Would heaven," ſhe ſaid, " have " beſtowed a ſoul panting after intellectual

" and

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" and moral improvement, and then com-
" mand the laſt alone to be aſpired to, the
" former neglected? Reaſon enjoins the
" cultivation of both; the exerciſe of the
" underſtanding exalts and purifies the
" affections; the cultivation of the moral
" feelings ſoftens the ſtronger qualities of
" the intellect. What matters then the
" rank, or ſex, or nation! All are alike
" *ſpirits* from heaven; all are alike deſtined
" for immortality. But you know not that
" genius you would reſtrain; it is the im-
" petuous torrent that overwhelms each
" obſtacle in its progreſs; it is the rapid
" conflagration that conſumes whatever
" dares oppoſe its courſe;—for that univerſal
" and impulſive deſire after happineſs, which
" alike inſpires the actions of the warrior as
" the woman, the tyrant as the ſlave, the
" learned as the ignorant, by exciting genius
" to the exerciſe of its powers, is at once its
" ſtrongeſt ſtimulus and its deareſt reward."

She ceaſed,—but no voice interrupted the pauſe which ſucceeded: all gazed in ſilence



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on her beautiful figure, which seemed inspired by the genius she had been describing: her dark tresses floating over her shoulders, her half open lips, her glowing cheeks, her eyes radiant with the fires of enthusiasm, her graceful form which seemed prepared to spring from earth, all conspired to give her the air of a creature of the imagination, rather than a being of reality.

The nobles gazed on her with surprise and admiration, inclined to pardon the enthusiastic sentiments she had uttered, for the sake of the lips which expressed them. The ladies viewed her with curiosity and astonishment, anxious to discover by what magic she could thus encrease the lustre of her charms, and to remark and imitate the beauty of her air and action: but Demetrius alone felt the force of the sentiments she had uttered; they touched his heart; they fired his soul; they kindled his imagination; for in him alone they met with kindred enthusiasm.

The

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The Marſhall Sergorof, apparently cool and callous, but in reality irritated at the ſenſation Marina's ſpeech had produced, bluntly obſerved,

" Your Highneſs muſt not expect me to " anſwer, a ſpeech I do not underſtand; for " in truth, ſuch ſentiments appear to me " more like the language of romance than " of reaſon."

" Ill-mannered Lord!" exclaimed Demetrius, his eye kindling with indignation, " Is it thus you preſume to addreſs?—"

" I entreat your forbearance," interrupted the Princeſs, laying her hand on his arm to detain him, as he proudly ſtepped forward to Sergorof.—He inſtantly pauſed, and continued gazing on her as ſhe proceeded: " I have juſtly incurred the charge " which the Marſhall alledges againſt me; " the language of enthuſiaſm always ap- " pears like that of romance to thoſe not " inſpired with kindred ardour. I have no " right therefore to feel diſpleaſure at his " opinion, although a ſentiment of courteſy



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"might perhaps have ſoftened its expreſ-
"ſion."

"An old warrior," ſaid Sergorof, "is
"ill-verſed in the language which becomes
"a modern court. Your Highneſs muſt
"pardon my bluntneſs, in conſideration of
"my ſincerity."

He quitted them, as he concluded this ſentence; and Marina, remarking the ſtill contracted brow and ſtern glance of Demetrius, implored him to command his feelings and ſubdue his reſentment. Count Wieſnovitſki joined in this requeſt. "A
"mind," ſaid he, "that is warped by pre-
"judice is as much in a deluſion as a man
"who ſees objects through a miſt, without
"being ſenſible of it. Till convinced of his
"error, all reaſoning is vain, and to con-
"vince, no reaſoning proves effectual. It
"is a ſpecies of partial derangement, to
"which we are all in ſome degree liable,
"and ſhould be regarded with compaſſion,
"rather than reſentment."

Demetrius,

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Demetrius, though he complied with the wiſhes of the Princeſs, and the advice of his friend, in not reſenting the Marſhall's addreſs, could not eaſily repreſs the feelings it had excited; and a cloud hung on his brow during the remainder of the evening. In vain the Princeſs, with unrivalled ſweetneſs, endeavoured to ſoothe the froward humour of the nobles: in vain Count Wieſnovitſki, with his gay and ſportive raillery, ſought to reconcile the Ruſſians to his countrymen. All was gloomy, cheerleſs, and unſocial. At an early hour, the Ruſſians retired to their reſpective habitations; and Demetrius, ſcarcely daring to caſt a glance at the countenance of the Princeſs, bade her farewell; and, accompanied by Count Wieſnovitſki, retired to his palace.



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## CHAP. VI.

Di una corte austera
Gli usi, per me novelli, ancor di mente
Tratto non mi hanno appien quel dolce primo
Amor del suol natiò che in noi più tanto,
So le tue pene, e duolmene. *Alfieri.*

" I muse my mother
" Does not approve me further:
" Would you have me
" False to my nature? rather say, I play
" The man I am. *Coriolanus.*

DEMETRIUS, restless and perturbed, possessing a secret consciousness which he unwillingly admitted even to himself, that his own conduct had tended to alienate the affection of his subjects; and, irritated at the value he felt compelled to attach to this affection, at an early hour quitted his couch, and repaired to those gardens which had on the preceding night exhibited a scene — of splendour indeed, but not of gaiety. The trees were now divested of their artificial ornaments, and the breezes of morn conveyed the fragrance of the flowers to his

senses.

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ſenſes. The beauty of the ſcene, however, paſſed unregarded; for Marina, advancing from among the trees, alone attracted his attention. He haſtily approached her: his countenance was diſturbed, and his manner abrupt: he appeared as if deſirous of addreſſing her on ſome ſubject of importance; but, ſuddenly pauſing, made ſome indifferent remark, or ſome unimportant demand.

"Marina," he abruptly ſaid, "if I am "not miſtaken, this ſcene, in the ſimple "decorations of nature, poſſeſſes greater "attractions for you, than when adorned "with all the ſplendour of art."

"Undoubtedly," ſhe replied, "art may, "indeed, inflame the imagination; but, "whether the object be animate or in-"animate, it is nature alone that touches "the heart."

"True, moſt true," rejoined Demetrius, "but what then can be urged in favour "of a land and of a nation which poſſeſs "neither the ſimplicity of nature, or the "refinements of art? Oh, Marina! if my

"lot be caſt amidſt a race like this, by
"what right is it that I have invited you to
"ſhare it with me?"

This was the firſt moment that Demetrius had betrayed to Marina the diſſatisfaction with which he had beheld the character of his ſubjects, or the diſappointment which had attended even the fulfilment of his once ſanguine hopes. She gazed with an emotion of deep regret upon the ſaddened expreſſion of his countenance, and replied with a look and voice of the utmoſt tenderneſs.

"By what right do you invite me to
"ſhare your deſtiny? By a right more
"ſacred than any which attaches yourſelf
"to it; the right of unchangeable regard;
"of reciprocal affection. Ah, Demetrius!
"whatever had been your deſtiny, that
"deſtiny would have been ſhared with joy,
"with triumph by Marina."

The eye of Demetrius again beamed with delight, as he expreſſed his grateful ſenſe of this ſweet and dear avowal.

"Let

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"Let us indulge a hope," rejoined the Princeſs, "that your example, and the "gradual influence of a union with the "Poles, will inſenſibly ſoften the manners, "and ſubdue the prejudices of your ſub-"jects. The noble qualities of courage, "of magnanimity, of loyalty, you have "already proved them to poſſeſs; the pro-"greſs of civilization will ſubjoin the re-"finements of taſte, and the ſympathies of "feeling:—the mountain's rough ſides "will be inveſted with verdure and flowers, "nor will its ſtrength, though concealed, "be impaired by the adornment."

"Your ſweet and gentle influence, my "beloved," rejoined Demetrius, "may, "indeed, effect what my imprudent en-"deavours have hitherto failed to produce. "Haſten then the approach of that mo-"ment, when, as the Czarina of Ruſſia, "its people may behold you with reſpect, "as well as admiration."

"You plead the cauſe of your ſubjects "with fervour," replied Marina, with a

ſmile

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ſmile and a bluſh, but an "infringement of "their cuſtoms would not, methinks, be "likely to prove an excitement of their "reſpect."

Demetrius, however, renewed his entreaties, but, finding Marina firm in her refuſal, and ſecretly conſcious of its propriety, at length deſiſted from urging them, and propoſed conducting her to the abode of the Czarina Feodorofna. Marina conſented; and the Czar and Princeſs together departed from Moſcow.

The Czarina had at firſt regarded the Princeſs of Sendomir with leſs cordiality, than ſhe would have experienced towards her, had ſhe not been taught to apprehend, from the inſinuations of the Patriarch, that the eſtabliſhment of a Poliſh Princeſs on the throne of Ruſſia, would prove fatal to the popularity and intereſts of Demetrius. The ſweetneſs of Marina's manner, the mingled reſpect and affection diſplayed in her attentions, ſoon deſtroyed this tranſient impreſſion, and the Czarina learned to behold her



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arrival with ſatisfaction, and her departure with regret.

Demetrius and Marina, when they entered the Czarina's apartment, beheld her pale and agitated. She held in her hand a letter, on which her gaze was ſo intently fixed, that ſhe perceived not the entrance of the Czar and Princeſs, till the former advanced towards her.

"My deareſt mother!" he exclaimed, "what mean theſe tears, this agitation?"

She raiſed her eyes towards him, and was preparing to reply; but beholding Marina, ſhe ſuddenly paused, and ſilently preſented to him the letter, gazing anxiouſly upon his countenance during his peruſal of it. His glance of curiofity and eagerneſs was ſoon converted into one of indignation and contempt.

"Periſh the infamous ſcroll!" he exclaimed, rending the paper into a thouſand atoms, "periſh all that thus attempt to "influence my conduct, through the me-"dium of my mother's fears!"

Marina

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Marina gazed alternately on the Czarina and Demetrius, with alarmed and enquiring glances. She perceived that ſome dreadful myſtery was concealed within that fatal letter; and ſhe longed, yet feared, to be made acquainted with its contents.

" My mother, I entreat, I implore your ſilence," ſaid Demetrius, in extreme agitation, perceiving that the Czarina was on the point of addreſſing the Princeſs. " Yes, " Demetrius," ſaid the Czarina, with an air, as if the effort were a painful one, " yes, I will comply with your wiſhes, " but it muſt be, my ſon, only in con- " ſideration that you will attend to mine. " I entreat you, as you value the preſer- " vation of your throne, the peace of your " mother, to comply with the deſires of " your ſubjects."

" Is it my mother who makes ſuch a re- " queſt?" ſaid Demetrius, in a tone of reproach, " is it my mother, who urges " me to deſert my own dignity, to diſgrace " that of my anceſtors, to prove myſelf " unworthy,

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" unworthy of that blood which flows in
" my veins?"

" Is it to prove yourself unworthy," asked the Czarina, " to sacrifice your own inclina-
" tions to the welfare of your subjects?"

" Not to their welfare, Madam," rejoined Demetrius, in a tone of less tenderness than he had ever yet addressed to his mother, " not to their welfare,—to
" their caprice, to their prejudice, must
" my happiness, my honour be for ever
" entombed. But, no!" he exclaimed, while indignation flashed from his eye,
" since my clemency has failed of success,
" my former conduct been held in con-
" tempt, my subjects have now to learn
" the real character of him they would
" thus unworthily controul."

The Czarina and Princess (although the one was ignorant, and the other too well informed of its cause,) were mutually alarmed at the frightful agitation which pervaded the whole frame of Demetrius. The Princess, forgetful of her own feelings, sought

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ſought alone to ſoothe, and to reſtore him to compoſure. She entreated him not to proceed in any act, without conſulting his friend Count Wieſnovitſki, from whom he might at once receive both council and aſſiſtance: ſhe at length ſucceeded in reſtoring him to a greater appearance of tranquillity. He approached the ſtill weeping Czarina.

" My mother," he ſaid, " forgive the " vehemence with which I have expreſſed " myſelf; but on *this* ſubject, even the " wiſhes of a parent muſt prove ineffectual: " in all elſe they ſhall for ever be obeyed. " Reſt aſſured, that I will yet attempt to " ſubdue, before I openly oppoſe, the pre- " judices of my ſubjects. Farewell, my " mother," ſaid he, taking her hand, and raiſing it reſpectfully to his lips, " farewell; " it is the firſt time I have had occaſion to " demand forgiveneſs of my mother, and I " feel it will not be denied."

The Czarina, with a penſive ſmile, aſſured him it was accorded; and Demetrius, after

after making her a promise that he would return in the course of a few hours, proposed reconducting the Princess to Moscow. She consented, and, without expressing the anxiety she felt to be made acquainted with a mystery he appeared so anxious to conceal from her knowledge, embraced the Czarina, and quitted her in mournful silence. The same silence was mutually preserved during their return to Moscow. A thousand vague apprehensions floated across the mind of Marina; and wholly absorbed in her own reflections, she had almost forgotten the presence of Demetrius, and started when he addressed her.

"Marina!" he abruptly said, "you this "morning assured me, that whatever destiny "had been mine, *that* destiny would have "been shared by yourself. Repeat that "sweet assurance, my beloved! I have "need of some consolation to prepare "me for the rugged scenes I am about to "encounter."

He

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He uttered these words in a voice so soft, so dejected, so changed from the loud, indignant tones which had escaped him during the late interview, that Marina, struck with the alteration, gazed on him with mingled emotions of surprise and tenderness, and was preparing to repeat the assurance she had before given him, when a loud tumult, which appeared to proceed from the city, attracted their attention. An immense and mingled multitude, rapidly advanced towards them, and soon completely surrounding the carriage, impeded its further progress. At first the exclamations they uttered were tumultuous, but indistinct; but soon the sounds of, "No "Catholic Czarina, no foreign favourites! "let the Princess Irene be our sovereign!" re-echoed around, while gleaming sabres and brandished staves seemed to threaten them with instant destruction.

The soul of Marina sickened at the reiterated sounds. This then was the fatal mystery Demetrius had feared to reveal; she

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She then was the cause of danger to him; the object of hatred to his subjects! She sunk back in the carriage; while Demetrius, rapidly descending from it, advanced into the midst of the multitude, with an intrepidity which created a mixture of astonishment and awe; for such was the terror of his eye; such the commanding influence of his proud form, which seemed to rise in stature, as he gazed with silent, but fiery, indignation, on the multitude around, that, lowering their before elevated sabres, they shrunk from his powerful and scrutizing gaze; and endeavoured to regain, by glancing at the countenances of each other, that resolution which their own hearts denied them.

It is not the dream of the imagination, or the invention of the poet, that wonderful influence, that proud distinction, which genius gives to man: It is a larger portion, a brighter ray of the Divinity, infused into some human forms, breathing in the numbers of the poet, commanding in the voice of

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of the legiſlator, thundering in the deeds of the hero, bidding mortals bow before their fellow-mortals. A certain internal conſciouſneſs of its poſſeſſion, gave to Demetrius that calm and undaunted aſpect, amidſt the dangers which ſurrounded him; while its influence, felt though not underſtood by the multitude around, arreſted the force of their arms, and enchained the expreſſion of their rage.

Demetrius perceived their confuſion, and haſtened to avail himſelf of it.

"Citizens of Moſcow, ſubjects of Ruſ-
"ſia!" he exclaimed, in a voice which broke upon the air, like a ſudden burſt of ſubterranean thunder, "What mean this
"daring conduct, theſe ſeditious excla-
"mations? By what authority is it, that
"ſubjects thus dare dictate to their Sove-
"reign? Learn, that while he reigns, he
"reigns in *deed*, and not in *name*, a free-
"born monarch, not a trembling tyrant."

He pauſed; — but the ſilence which ſucceeded remained unbroken. Shame ſeemed

to

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to withhold the multitude from retreating, fear from advancing.

"Retire," resumed the Czar, "retire, deluded and misguided men! from "this spot which your conduct has disgraced, and in your present obedience, "let me behold the assurance of your "future loyalty."

The people yet hesitated,—again they gazed around, as if to discover from amongst them some adventurous spirit, who might defend their rights, and direct their conduct: but none appeared, who dared to oppose the commands, and encounter the indignation of their Czar. Demetrius reiterated his commands for them to retire: they at length silently obeyed; and, like snow dissolving before the sunbeam, they gradually disappeared before the fixed, though now relenting gaze of his eye.

When Demetrius had beheld them depart, he reascended the carriage, and commanded it to proceed: in their approach to the habitation of the Princess they met the

Polish

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Polish soldiers, commanded by Count Wiesnovitski, who, having learnt the intelligence of the tumult, had hastened to the rescue of the Czar, and expressed equal surprise and satisfaction at beholding both the Princess and himself in perfect safety. Demetrius, briefly explaining to the Count the circumstances of the late tumult, and expressing his gratitude to the Poles for the zeal they had displayed in thus hastening to his aid, requested them to surround and guard the palace of the Princess, whom he now conducted to her apartment, when it was with much alarm, that he beheld the impression the late scene had made on her. Her eyes were rayless, her cheeks pale, and an air, not merely of sadness, but of despair, seemed diffused over her countenance. Demetrius endeavoured to soothe and reassure her: tears stole down her cheeks, which at first he attempted not to check, aware that her feelings might be relieved by their indulgence; finding, however, that her grief appeared rather to increase than to abate,

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abate, he at length ſaid, " Encre
" Marina, I implore you, encreaſe
" this dreadful anguiſh, the ſufferin
" ready endure from the reproache
" own heart. Yes! I have erred,—
" fatally erred,—in not having i
" you, before I invited you to
" your own ſmiling and peaceful
" the character of that race you we
" to encounter, of the peculiar
" ſtances——."

He pauſed abruptly, aroſe, and p
room with rapid ſteps.

" At preſent," ſaid Marina, in
and trembling voice, " at preſent,
" cealment is in vain. I know wha
" to apprehend, the Princeſs Irene
" tined"—To ſhare your thro
would have ſaid, but ſhe could n
language to an idea ſo dreadful; and
deadly paleneſs overſpread her featu
her eyes, fixed on Demetrius, ſee
demand an acquieſcence or denial
implied queſtion.



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" The Princeſs Irene, deſtined to ſupply " the place of Marina!" exclaimed Demetrius, his whole form dilating with the indignation which ſwelled his breaſt, " deſ- " tined!—and by whom deſtined? by thoſe " ſubjects who have vowed allegiance to " my will; by thoſe ſubjects who, free to " ſelect the objects of their love, would " yet deny that freedom to their Czar. I " thank you for having reminded me of a " preſumption which I will not long delay " to puniſh."

He advanced haſtily towards the door of the apartment. Marina inexpreſſibly alarmed, endeavoured to detain him.

" Demetrius," ſhe ſaid, " I implore " you, by that regard you attach to my " preſent peace, my future happineſs, to " forego your intention. Think, oh, think! " if the hatred of your people be already " excited againſt me, how dreadfully it " will be encreaſed by your reſentment of " it!"

" Hatred

"Hatred of thee!" exclaimed Demetrius, as he gazed upon her ſoft and pleading looks, her beautiful figure, as her gentle accents ſtill dwelt upon his ear, and he felt as if love alone could be inſpired by ſuch a being. At this moment Count Wieſnovitſki entered the apartment. He came for the purpoſe of deſiring the Czar to aſſemble his council, in order to revoke ſome late edicts, which had in effect been the original incitement of the popular diſcontent; but having been erroneouſly or malignantly attributed to the Poles, had given a different direction to their indignation, and occaſioned the late tumult, which the Count aſſerted, though for the time ſuppreſſed, required but a breath to revive in all its violence.

"Never," replied Demetrius, "can I "comply with your requeſt. Conceſſions "made through fear excite contempt, in- "ſtead of inſpiring gratitude."

"Too long," rejoined Count Wieſnovitſki in a grave and determined tone, "too



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" long have I delayed reminding the Czar
" of Russia, of the voluntary promise made
" by the Prince Demetrius, that the friend
" of his heart should ever be the counsellor
" of his reason. Recollect, that no am-
" bitious hopes mislead, no enthusiasm
" dazzles, no prejudice intercepts my pre-
" sent views: I comprehend, I respect, and
" I admire the enlightened plans you have
" conceived for the welfare of your peo-
" ple; but those plans are adapted to beings
" of higher faculties and clearer discrimi-
" nation, than man, in a collective state, has
" ever yet possessed. You wish your sub-
" jects to be influenced by reason, not
" guided by prejudice; but how impossible
" is it to realize such a wish! Present truth
" before their eyes; they will yet behold
" it through the medium of passion and of
" prejudice."

Perceiving that Demetrius listened to him with impatience, the Count proceeded, " Resigning for the present all attempts to " *convince*, let me endeavour to *persuade*; " let

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" let me awaken your feelings. Behold
" the ſufferings of her who is dear to you
" as your own exiſtence: it remains with
" yourſelf to encreaſe or to alleviate theſe
" ſufferings, by appeaſing the popular diſ-
" content, or braving its fury."

Marina now joined her entreaties to thoſe of the Count, and Demetrius at length departed, rather perſuaded by their wiſhes, than convinced by their arguments, to convoke the Ruſſian nobility, and endeavour to appeaſe thoſe grievances of which the people complained.

Marina, when alone, felt in all its extent the horrors of her ſituation. Removed from her native land, from her affectionate friends, from her tender parent, ſurrounded by thoſe who wiſhed her deſtruction, the cauſe of popular odium to her beloved Demetrius!—She ſhuddered at each painful retroſpect. A high-wrought ſtate of feeling, a tenſion of the mind, were particularly oppreſſive to her gay and gentle nature. Some characters, poſſeſſing a



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certain capacity of resisting the attacks of misfortune, assume with comparative ease a military attitude of mind; and the self-applause attending this conscious fortitude, in some degree, lessens the poignancy of their sufferings. But Marina felt not this resource from the sorrows which assailed her. From infancy idolised by her parent, beloved by all who surrounded her, accustomed only to repose beneath the shades of content, or smile amidst the bowers of mirth, how new and how painful was the conflict of opposing feelings, which now struggled in her breast! To secure the happiness of Demetrius at every hazard, at every sacrifice, was the only determination which retained permanent possession of her mind. Every other thought was undefined, every other resolution fluctuating. Sometimes the idea of withdrawing secretly from Russia, that Demetrius might comply with the wishes of his subjects, and espouse the Princess Irene, presented itself to her imagination; but the dreadful pang, the shudder-

ing

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ing ſenſation, which accompanied its ſuggeſtion, ſeemed to forbid the poſſibility of its execution. Surely, ſuch a ſacrifice would never be required from her! No, by gentler means tranquillity might yet be reſtored! She might yet be bleſt in the happineſs of Demetrius, and in the love of his people! A tranſitory calm ſucceeded the firſt tumult of her feelings;—one of thoſe deluſive calms which, in the midſt of impending dangers, the heart creates, even in oppoſition to the reaſon. This is never ſo powerfully experienced as when the misfortune which menaces us is ſo immenſe, that we feel the utter annihilation of our happineſs would attend it. It appears impoſſible that the God of goodneſs could have created, only to plunge us into irremediable miſery; that he ſhould have held out to us a view of happineſs, only to exclude it for ever from our proſpect. It *is* impoſſible, we fondly and fervently repeat, while our terrors are lulled for awhile into ſtrange and tranſitory confidence.



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## CHAP. VII.

" His nature is too noble for the world.
" He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
" Or Jove for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth.
" What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
" And being angry, does forget that ever
" He heard the name of death."

*Coriolanus.*

" Whither should I fly?
" I have done no harm. But I remember now
" I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
" Is often laudable; to do good sometimes
" Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
" Do I put up that womanly defence;
" To say, I *have done no harm?*"

*Macbeth.*

DEMETRIUS having convened the nobles, now assembled in Moscow, demanded from them the cause of the popular discontent, as he could not redress the grievances complained of, unless acquainted with their nature. Some inconveniences resulting from his late decrees were enumerated, which he consented to remedy. Other objects of more importance were then discussed; and Count Wiesnovitski beheld with alarm, Prince Vassili, with satisfaction, and the

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the Ruſſians, with indignation, the half-contemptuous ſmile with which Demetrius attended to the trivial objections, the unmeaning remarks of the nobles, and the decided tone with which he replied to, or obviated them.

It is difficult, moſt difficult, for a haughty ſpirit to bend to the will of an inferior;—for a mind of higher power to reduce its conceptions to the comprehenſion of mediocrity;—for a giant to accommodate himſelf to the pace of a dwarf. Notwithſtanding the late advice of his friend, Demetrius found it impoſſible to conceal his indignation, when he heard thoſe plans which he had deviſed, thoſe regulations which he had introduced, regarded as uſeleſs, or condemned as ſacrilegious; to ſuppreſs the irritation with which he encountered, not the diſpaſſionate remonſtrances of reaſon, but the clamorous expoſtulations of prejudice. All attempt to convince appeared vain, and Demetrius was in danger of being induced to command. The Czar's genius, though inſenſibly felt,



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was neither fully comprehended, or univerſally admitted, by his ſubjects. An inferior mind can, in fact, never acquire a juſt eſtimate of one ſuperior; either overwhelmed by a blind ſpecies of admiration, it ſubmits implicitly to its guidance, or vainly ſeeking to comprehend, attempts to ſcan and depreciate that intellect which it cannot graſp. It is probable, that had Demetrius immediately ſucceeded to the throne of his anceſtors, the former feeling alone would have been experienced towards him by his ſubjects;—habitual reverence for his perſon would have excited habitual reſpect for his underſtanding. But now, when the Ruſſians recalled the period when this Czar, all ſovereign in his commands, all haughty in his deportment, had been regarded as a pretender merely to that throne he at preſent poſſeſſed: when the moment was remembered that his rights had been doubted, his claims diſputed, not merely by others, but themſelves; forgetting the ſtrong evidence in favour of thoſe rights, the ſubſequent acknowledg-

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ment of thoſe claims, by that ſtrange fluctuation of opinion to which mankind are liable, whoſe judgments are indeed generally determined rather by feeling, than reaſon, they now began to doubt the imperial lineage of him they had ſo lately ſaluted as their Czar. "Can he be the ſon of Ivan, "who deviates from all his practices? Can "he be deſcended from the ancient ſove-"reigns of his country, who diſplays ſuch "a contempt for its uſages?" Theſe dangerous queſtions were whiſpered around and propagated by Prince Vaſſili and his adherents.

Demetrius, however, wholly unconſcious of them, undaunted, unappalled, purſued his career; and when ſome of the Boyards dared again to intimate their diſapprobation of his union with the Princeſs of Sendomir, ſcarcely deigning to afford them a reply, he prepared to quit the hall of council. In vain Count Wieſnovitſki ſought to retain him, or conciliate the Ruſſians. His firm yet gentle manner, the patience with



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which he encountered error, the perſeverance with which he endeavoured to remove it, would, in any other than himſelf, have produced the effect he deſired. But he was a native of Poland, he was alſo the friend, the favourite of Demetrius; and either of theſe cauſes would have rendered them inſenſible to his reaſons or his merits. The aſſembly ſeparated with mutual diſſatisfaction. The murmurs of the people were, however, for a time appeaſed by the Czar's revocation of thoſe edicts which had been particularly odious to them.

Prince Vaſſili had abſented himſelf from Moſcow for ſome days, and, notwithſtanding a ſummons from Demetrius to return to it, had excuſed himſelf from obeying the commands of his ſovereign, under the pretence of indiſpoſition. Several of the Boyards alſo retired to their lands in the reſpective provinces; thus ſilently expreſſing their diſapprobation of their Czar's conduct and intended alliance. Demetrius, who had now been rendered ſuſpicious of his ſubjects, placed

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placed a guard of Poles about his own person, as well as that of the Princeſs, and diſpatched a meſſenger to the Hetman Koſanka, commanding him to conduct his faithful troops to the capital.

After taking theſe precautions, the Czar repaired to the palace of the Princeſs; the gay and animated aſpect he aſſumed, might have deceived Marina into a belief that the diſcuſſion in the council had terminated ſatisfactorily, had ſhe not remarked that the countenance of his friend, that countenance which ſhe had been accuſtomed to behold ever ſmiling or ſerene, was now gloomy and diſturbed. The compaſſionate glances, with which the Count occaſionally regarded her, were inexpreſſibly painful. They forced upon her mind the conſciouſneſs of thoſe misfortunes ſhe had endeavoured to forget. She imagined alſo that he appeared anxious to addreſs her, unobſerved by Demetrius; and a vague ſpecies of apprehenſion prevented her from affording him the opportunity he apparently

deſired.

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desired. She felt as if his calm and clear representations would in a moment dissolve those delusive dreams of happiness in which she had sought to involve herself; and in order to avoid encountering even his regard, she attempted to converse with Demetrius and the Polish nobles, who had accompanied him; vain however was the attempt. She made the most unmeaning enquiries,—returned the most opposite answers to those demanded of her,—paused suddenly in the midst of a remark,—and then perceiving her error, endeavoured, by assuming an air of gaiety and rallying her own abstraction, to conceal the cause from whence it sprang. Neither Demetrius or the Count were, however, thus easily deceived. They both beheld her sufferings; the former with anguish and humiliation, the latter with the deepest compassion. The Princess now reminding Demetrius of the promise he had made the Czarina to revisit her, entreated him to fulfil it; and, anxious to atone for the momentary warmth

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he had betrayed in their late interview, he complied with Marina's requeſt, although he dreaded a repetition of the ſcene which had then enſued.

Count Wieſnovitſki, perceiving Marina's diſinclination to afford him an opportunity of addreſſing her, determined for the preſent to delay ſpeaking to her on a ſubject which he judged, from the apparent ſtate of her mind, ſhe would be ill calculated to diſcuſs: he therefore quitted her preſence, accompanied by the Poliſh nobles: and Marina once more found herſelf alone. — All the contending emotions, all the fluctuating opinions, all the agonizing ſtruggles, which ſhe had ſo recently experienced, were again endured by the Princeſs, encreaſed too by a ſenſe of ſelf-reproach for the weakneſs ſhe had diſplayed in ſhrinking from the communications of the Count. She now believed that any poſitive miſery would be more ſupportable than the dreadful alternations of feeling ſhe endured; and

ſhe

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ſhe determined to ſeek that interview ſhe had ſo lately avoided.

Towards the cloſe of the day, as the Princeſs was ſtationed at an open balcony, watching the deſcent of that ſun, whoſe riſe ſhe had beheld with ſuch far different emotions, a few notes of a national air, hummed careleſsly by one of the Poliſh guards, ſtruck upon her ear, and penetrated her heart. The accidental recurrence of a well-known tune often recals a vague remembrance of our feelings, without any recollection of the time or ſituation when laſt it caught our attention; it awakens the memory of ſenſation, rather than of circumſtance. The laſt time that Marina had liſtened to this ſimple air had been during the recovery of Demetrius, when, though ſtill feeble from his recent illneſs, ſhe had conducted him to the gardens of the palace of Sendomir. The emotions of love, (of love ſoftened by compaſſion, though not embittered by apprehenſion,) of peace, and ſecurity, which ſhe then

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then experienced, were now ſuddenly recalled, and forcibly contraſted with the tumultuous feelings, the terrors, the apprehenſions, which now inhabited her breaſt. Painful, moſt painful was the contraſt! and the tears, which ſtole unheeded down her cheeks, diſcovered that it was felt in all its bitterneſs.

The Princeſs had remained for ſome moments wholly abſorbed by the painful emotions to which the Poliſh air had given birth, when the unexpected entrance of a female, whoſe face and form were wholly concealed from her view, arouſed her from her reverie. She advanced towards the ſtranger, who, throwing aſide the veil which ſhaded her, diſcovered the countenance of the Czarina Feodorofna.

Marina ſtarted — no thrill of pleaſure at beholding the mother of Demetrius, but a ſudden dread, a chilling apprehenſion, ſeized on her heart, as ſhe gazed on her pallid countenance, whoſe expreſſion ſeemed to forebode ſome fearful communication. —

The

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The Czarina, after a pauſe, in which ſhe appeared endeavouring to collect her ideas, and command her feelings, in accents tremulous yet impreſſive, thus addreſſed Marina.

" Princeſs of Sendomir! you now be-
" hold before you a being, whoſe whole of
" earthly happineſs depends upon yourſelf:
" a mother ſupplicating for the life of her
" ſon, of that ſon, for whoſe preſervation
" ſhe once defied a tyrant's rage, for whom
" ſhe has endured whole years of bondage.
" On you, on you alone depends, whether ſhe
" ſhall have ſuffered in vain; whether ſhe
" ſhall yet behold that life, for which ſhe
" has hazarded her own, ſacrificed to the
" fury of a miſguided multitude; or be-
" hold it preſerved—a bleſſing to herſelf and
" to her country—" She pauſed, but received no reply from the Princeſs.

An oppreſſive conviction of all the miſery which awaited her, a ſenſation of reſentment, which ſhe found it impoſſible to repreſs, ſtruggled in her breaſt, and impeded her

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her replying to an addreſs which had wounded every feeling of her heart.

The Czarina, regarding this ſilence as unfavourable to her wiſhes, reſumed,

" Although aware that the ſtep which " maternal affection has induced me to " adopt, would expoſe me, if diſcovered, " to the everlaſting indignation of him for " whom it was taken, yet even the dread " of this indignation cannot prevent me " from repeating my requeſt; repeating it " with the urgency of one who pleads for " more than life. The firſt moment that " beholds a foreign Princeſs united to a " Czar of Ruſſia, beholds his deſtruction."

She then preſented to the Princeſs ſeveral letters addreſſed to herſelf from the principal nobles of the empire, expreſſing the univerſal diſcontent, which prevailed throughout the nation, at the proſpect of their Czar's approaching union, and containing ſeveral alarming intimations reſpecting the danger to which its fulfilment would expoſe him. The hateful characters were diſcerned for a moment,

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moment, but then ſeemed to float before the eyes of Marina. A ſickneſs at her heart, a confuſion of thought, a dimneſs of ſight, ſeized on her faculties: the letters fell from her hands, and ſhe ſunk ſenſeleſs on her ſeat.

The Czarina, roufed to a ſenſe of the harſhneſs with which ſhe had conducted herſelf towards the Princeſs, endeavoured to atone for it by the tender aſſiduity with which ſhe ſought to reſtore her to recollection. She at length ſucceeded; but the death-like paleneſs of her countenance, her quivering lips, the convulſive ſhudderings which ſometimes paſſed acroſs her frame, ſufficiently betrayed the anguiſh ſhe endured. The Czarina addreſſed ſome conſolatory expreſſions to her: but Marina, ſcarcely aware of her preſence, preſſed her hand alternately to her burning temples, or her throbbing heart, as if to deaden her oppreſſive ſenſe of exiſtence. Suddenly recollecting the Czarina's preſence, ſhe endeavoured to acquire more compoſure.

"Leave

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"Leave me, Madam," ſhe ſaid, "for my "ſake, for your own, leave me. Fear not "for my future conduct—fear not that "any weakneſs of mine ſhall endanger "that life, not more precious to you than "to myſelf. Yes!" ſhe added, with an air of bitterneſs, "yes, I will haſten to aban-"don this country, where firſt I knew "misfortune;—where firſt the voice of un-"kindneſs greeted mine ear;—where firſt "I found myſelf an object of averſion."

The mind, the manner, the expreſſion of Marina, ſeemed to have undergone a total, though temporary, revolution. That meek and gentle ſpirit which bowed to the will of affection, roſe with a feeling of proud reſentment againſt this unmerited perſecution—reſentment which extended to the Czarina. The enthuſiaſtic fondneſs with which ſhe had ever dwelt on the idea of the mother of Demetrius; the compaſſion with which ſhe had regarded her ſufferings; the delight with which ſhe had anticipated the moment, when her attentions might contri-

bute

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ſeemed to denote her unconſcious of all around her) did not attempt to re-addreſs her, ſhe determined to depart. She approached the Princeſs.

"In entire reliance on the aſſurance you "have made," ſhe began, but Marina rapidly interrupted her.

"Yes, Madam! in entire reliance upon "that aſſurance, depart in peace,—depart in "confidence, that the cloſe of another day "ſhall not behold me an inhabitant of "Moſcow."

The ſuffocating ſigh which burſt from her lips as ſhe concluded this ſentence excited the compaſſion of the Czarina; but when ſhe attempted to expreſs it, the countenance of Marina aſſumed an inſtant, though evidently forced, compoſure. She ſeemed to dread any expreſſion of commiſeration for ſufferings from her who had been their immediate origin; ſhe ſeemed to dread being deprived of the right to experience a reſentment, which preſented her with an external object on which the dreadful irritation of her feelings might be expended.

The

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The Czarina, perceiving the impatience with which ſhe liſtened to her, advanced to the door of the apartment; then pauſing, before ſhe finally quitted it,

"Princeſs of Sendomir," ſhe ſaid, "when "you learn the nature of a mother's love, "you will alſo learn to pardon the effects "of a mother's anxiety."

She diſappeared, before Marina, whoſe feelings were ſoftened by this appeal, was enabled to reply to it, and ſhe again found herſelf abandoned to ſolitude and to ſuffering.



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## CHAP. VIII.

" Still the more
" I poured my fondness, still the more distressed
" She seemed, and turning from my tender gaze,
" The copious shower stole down her troubled cheek
" As if she pitied these my blind endearments
" And in her breast some horrid secret swell'd."

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

THE state of Marina's feelings rendered all attempts at reflecting on the schemes she was now to pursue impossible. The only idea that suggested itself, was that of entreating the advice and assistance of Count Wiesnovitski. She felt, however, her inability to enter personally on the painful topic, and determined to explain to him, by letter, some of the circumstances (but not the interference of the Czarina) that had determined her to adopt a resolution, which she required his assistance to carry into effect.

She

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She entrusted this letter to a faithful attendant, and awaited its reply with the utmost anxiety. A secret hope that the Count would disapprove of her intentions, and suggest measures by which it might be avoided, supported her courage; and when his answer was delivered to her, she felt as if on its contents her future happiness depended.

How great was her despair to find that the Count not only approved of her intended departure, but that he had himself been anxious to suggest it to her, as the only measure which could secure the safety of Demetrius or herself. He likewise signified his intention of accompanying her into Poland. "The "Russians," continued he, "are jealous "of the favour displayed by the Czar to-"wards the Poles, and I, as the principal "object of this favour, am the principal "object of an indignation, which my tem-"porary absence may subdue. The greatest "apprehension I entertain is that the natural "impetuosity of the Czar's temper will be



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" ſtrongly excited, when he is firſt made
" acquainted with your departure. To
" obviate the evil effects which might ariſe
" from its abrupt diſcloſure, it will be re-
" quiſite for Your Highneſs to addreſs him
" by letter, and explain the motives which
" have occaſioned your departure, and even
" to allude to the poſſibility that it may not
" be final; although I am too fatally aware
" of the inveteracy of the Ruſſian preju-
" dices, to ſuppoſe it can be otherwiſe."—
The Count then proceeded to mention ſome of the precautions he ſhould take to avoid a premature diſcovery of their intentions. Every arrangement, he ſaid, would be completed by the cloſe of the enſuing day, when he adviſed that their propoſed departure ſhould be carried into execution.

The deciſive ſtyle of this letter, and the rapid arrangements making for her departure, ſeemed, to the mind of the Princeſs, as the ſeal of her fate. There are moments of our lives when the ſtupendous and actual miſery which aſſails us forbids any addition of that which is imaginary;

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imaginary; forbids either retrospection or anticipation: the present,—the *dreadful* present occupies every thought, every sense, and chains down the soul to its contemplation. It is fortunate that nature has thus destined it. The mind could not endure more than a certain portion of suffering; and if it could glance at once from all the joys it has lost, to all the evils it has to brave; if imagination could depict all the circumstances which might attend those evils; it must sink beneath the accumulated pressure: but excess of grief is not unfrequently productive of a stupefaction of the faculties, which is often attributed by others, and sometimes by ourselves, to a species of insensibility. Marina experienced a degree of astonishment at the calmness with which she felt enabled to make the necessary arrangements for her departure, with which she delivered her orders to her confidential attendants. Fatigued in body, exhausted in mind, she at length flung herself upon a couch, and, towards the approach of morning, a transient



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ſlumber ſuſpended her ſenſe of exiſtence. She awoke, with a ſtart of terror, from a frightful dream to the recollection of actual miſery: ſhe awoke with every faculty more vivid, with a keener ſenſe of ſuffering from this temporary oblivion of it. Dreadful indeed are the wakings of the wretched! She was informed that Count Wieſnovitſki requeſted to ſee her; and as ſhe had not diſplaced the robe ſhe had worn on the preceding day, ſhe was ſoon prepared to obey the ſummons. Her extreme weakneſs obliged her to lean for ſupport againſt the baluſtrades as ſhe quitted her apartment; and an emotion of pleaſure mingled with her ſurpriſe at perceiving it. "No! I ſhall "never ſurvive this ſeparation," ſhe thought, —and the thought was a conſolatory one.

The Count, on her entrance, approached, and, taking her hand, gazed with a mixture of reſpect, intereſt, and compaſſion upon her altered countenance. This expreſſion of ſympathy was painful: it is always ſo in a ſtate of extreme ſuffering.

Marina

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Marina endeavoured to avoid it, by enquiring, in an abrupt and hurried manner, respecting the arrangements for their departure. The Count informed her of all his proceedings: observing the excess of her agitation, notwithstanding the efforts she made to conceal it, he advised her to avoid again seeing Demetrius, under pretence of indisposition. She did not reply to this suggestion; she could not command her feelings sufficiently to mention his name; she could not engage in any promise, which she might be compelled to break. "You will "write—you will advise," she faulteringly said: "Oh! do not abandon him, without "some counsel, some consolation!"—"Rest "assured, dearest lady," replied the Count, much affected, "that all it is in my power "to effect will be attempted. Oh! were "there any other remedy than this so des-"perate one, how eagerly would I embrace "it!"

The countenance of Marina convincing him she could not endure to hear the pain-



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ful ſubject alluded to, and nothing further remaining to be diſcuſſed, he quitted her, after appointing the hour of their departure. When the Count had quitted the palace, Marina, arming herſelf with a deſperate ſpecies of reſolution, engaged, with a tremulous alacrity of manner, in the preparations for her departure: ſhe delivered her orders reſpecting it with rapidity; ſhe entered herſelf into its minute arrangements; but ſuddenly, in the midſt of this apparent eagerneſs, ſhe would pauſe, place herſelf in a ſeat, while her abſtracted air and vacant gaze evinced her wholly inſenſible to what was paſſing around. Theſe fluctuations of manner, perfectly unintelligible to her attendants, were noticed by them with wonder and curioſity.

As the day drew towards its cloſe, Marina's ſufferings increaſed: ſhe ſhuddered as ſhe heard the departure of each hour proclaimed by the tolling of bells, as ſhe gazed upon the ſun, now verging towards the horizon. Demetrius had frequently, during

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during the courſe of the day, viſited the abode of the Princeſs, and had been urgent in his requeſt (notwithſtanding the aſſurance he received of her indiſpoſition) of being admitted to an interview. After many doubts, and much heſitation, Marina at length determined to comply with his wiſhes. She perſuaded herſelf that ſhe adopted this reſolution in order to avoid incurring his ſuſpicions. She was not aware that it was the impulſe of affection, and not the inſtigation of prudence, which influenced her determination. Shading her face by a veil, in order to conceal its pallid hue and agonized expreſſion, ſhe awaited, with apparent calmneſs, the arrival of Demetrius: yet, when ſhe heard the ſounds of his approaching footſteps, and the tones of his voice, as he enquired reſpecting her, all the imprudence ſhe had been guilty of, in according this interview, ruſhed upon her mind. For one moment ſhe thought of yet avoiding it, and attempted to riſe from the couch, but an over-



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powering weakneſs ſeemed to enchain her to it; and the next, Demetrius was in the apartment with herſelf. He haſtily advanced, and, gazing with an expreſſion of the utmoſt tenderneſs upon her reclining form, and pallid countenance, exclaimed, "My Marina!—my beloved Marina! why "have you attempted to conceal the ex-"tent of your illneſs? why have you not "allowed—",

She interrupted him by an aſſurance that her indiſpoſition was of little import, and repoſe alone was requiſite to her complete reſtoration. Her voice was ſo altered, her manner ſo reſtrained, her countenance ſo embarraſſed, that Demetrius, ſtruck with the alteration, ſuddenly retreated ſome paces from her, while the deepeſt crimſon, the mingled hue of ſhame, reſentment, and alarm, ruſhed over his countenance. An inſtantaneous idea that ſhe wiſhed to abandon him, preſented itſelf to his imagination. In gloomy ſilence he remained gazing upon that face of matchleſs beauty, that form of

perfect

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perfect ſymmetry; and thought that face and form, all lovely as they were, rivalled by the mind which they enſhrined: that thought renewed his confidence, and he felt aſſured that the regards of ſuch a mind, the affections of ſuch a heart, would not be attracted or repelled by external circumſtances.

Marina had been too much occupied by her own emotions to obſerve the peculiar manner of Demetrius. Once, indeed, ſhe raiſed her eyes to his countenance, but the ſight of his noble and expreſſive features, the idea that ſhe ſhould behold them no more, ſuddenly ſuffuſed her eyes with tears, and prevented her from longer diſtinguiſhing them. Demetrius, who now believed his tranſitory ſuſpicion unjuſt, and attributed her apparent ſuffering to bodily, not mental anguiſh, addreſſed her in the moſt ſoothing accents, entreated her to retire to reſt, and declared his intention o ſeeking the aid of thoſe better ſkilled than himſelf in the means of reſtoring her health. Alarmed at



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this propoſal, Marina eagerly endeavoured to detain him. Demetrius, ſurpriſed at the ſudden vehemence of her manner, complied with her requeſt, but on condition that on the morrow, ſhould her indiſpoſition continue, ſhe would conſent to his wiſhes. As he pronounced the words "to-morrow," a ſhuddering ſenſation crept over her frame; yet, when he forced from her a reluctant conſent to this propoſal, a burning bluſh ſuffuſed her countenance. She had before felt that ſhe was but obeying the dictates of duty, in tearing herſelf from Demetrius; but now, a doubt aroſe, whether the diſſimulation ſhe was guilty of were not in itſelf a ſpecies of crime. Her heart eagerly caught at ſuch a ſuggeſtion, and for a moment ſhe felt tempted to reveal her intention to Demetrius, demand his forgiveneſs for having dared to form it, and abandon her future conduct wholly to his guidance; when the recollection of her promiſe to the Czarina, with a thrill of agony, darted acroſs her mind, and prevented her from indulging

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indulging the impulſe of inclination. Demetrius, endeavouring to convince himſelf that repoſe indeed was alone requiſite to the reſtoration of Marina, determined to quit her preſence.

The Princeſs perceived his intention, and exceſs of ſuffering rendered her ſilent and motionleſs. With apparent calmneſs ſhe heard him expreſs his tender ſolicitude, as he bade her farewell; with apparent calmneſs ſhe beheld the beams of love,—love, now ſoftened by compaſſion, in his eye, felt the preſſure of his hand for the laſt time; with apparent calmneſs beheld the cloſing door of the apartment exclude him for ever from her aching gaze. Yes! with calmneſs ſhe endured this;—but it was the calmneſs of deſpair.

Her ſenſes did not wholly abandon her; but the impreſſions made on them were vague and indiſtinct. Her eye perceived no form; her ear received no ſound; ſhe heard not the rattling of the carriage wheels which were to bear her far away from Moſcow—

from

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from happineſs — from Demetrius. She perceived not the entrance of the Count, till he approached and addreſſed her. She ſtarted, gazed on him at firſt with an air of vacuity, then ſuddenly her expreſſion changed, and a flood of tears, which rolled down her cheeks, relieved Count Wieſnovitſki from the apprehenſions her appearance had at firſt excited. He bore her, for her limbs refuſed to afford her ſupport, to the carriage, and, followed by her female attendants in another, and, ſurrounded by a numerous party of Poliſh guards, the Count and Princeſs departed from Moſcow.

The night was clear and calm, and when they had quitted the city, and rolled over the ſpacious plain, ſo often traverſed under different circumſtances, no ſound interrupted the ſtillneſs, but the trampling of the cavalry, as they rode beſide the carriage; no words were exchanged between the horſemen, nor did the Count attempt to addreſs the Princeſs, whoſe deep and frequent ſighs alone gave token of her

 exiſtence.

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existence. Count Wiesnovitski had been actuated in his desire of removing the Princess from Moscow by that warm and disinterested regard which ever influenced his conduct towards his friends. He was aware that the separation between Demetrius and Marina would be productive of present suffering, but doubted not that it would conduce to their ultimate happiness.

The letter which he had addressed to Demetrius on their departure (for the Princess had declared herself incapable of following his advice, by addressing him, at least for the present,) explained, in the clearest manner, the necessity of the resolution which the Princess had adopted. It informed him of several circumstances relative to the discontent of his subjects, with which Demetrius had previously been unacquainted, and it represented, in the strongest colours, those which he had hitherto disregarded. His whole letter breathed the tone of reason, of feeling, and of friendship. Impetuous as he knew was the character of Demetrius, he scarcely

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ſcarcely deemed it poſſible for him not to acknowledge the juſtice of his repreſentations, and to ſubmit to a fate which it appeared impoſſible to avoid.

Count Wieſnovitſki's feelings were tender, rather than impetuous; the impreſſions made on them were durable, rather than acute: beſides he had never experienced any attachment more ardent than friendſhip, and could only form a vague and general idea of the ſufferings their ſeparation occaſioned the lovers: he was not enabled to follow them through all thoſe ſhades of feeling, thoſe agoniſing ſtruggles between reaſon and inclination, with that perfect ſympathy which can alone be beſtowed by one who has experienced ſorrows ſimilar to thoſe he commiſerates.

Count Wieſnovitſki, however, reſpected *that* grief whoſe extent he could not fully comprehend; and no futile attempts at conſolation, no cruel endeavour to condemn the feelings, by an appeal to the reaſon, diſturbed the ſilent anguiſh of Marina.



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They purſued their way towards the frontiers with the utmoſt rapidity, till the Count, alarmed at the encreaſing languor of the Princeſs, and the hectic fluſhings which, paſſing acroſs her cheek, left it more deadly pale than before, propoſed their reſting for ſome hours at the town which they were then approaching. Too languid and indifferent to oppoſe this ſuggeſtion, Marina tacitly conſented to it, and the Poliſh train joyfully obeyed the order to repoſe themſelves and their weary courſers at the town of Polzon.

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## CHAP. IX.

" For I cannot be
" Mine own or anything to any, if
" I be not thine; to this I am most constant
" Though destiny say no."

*Winter's Tale.*

THE first idea which occurred to Demetrius on the morning succeeding that night during which the Princess had quitted Moscow, was an extreme anxiety to learn whether she had recovered from the effects of her indisposition, and at an early hour he repaired to her palace.

Engrossed by various reflections, he noticed not the absence of the Polish guards, but passed forward to those apartments usually occupied by Marina. He traversed the spacious chambers, but all appeared equally deserted. Roused at length to a sense of surprise at this unusual circumstance, he gazed around to discover some vestige of Marina; he listened to catch some sound, which might conduct him to her.

All

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All was ſtill ;—all was vacant :—a ſudden dread, a chilling apprehenſion ſtruck acroſs his heart : he ruſhed haſtily from the apartment into the grand hall, where he beheld ſome of her Ruſſian attendants.

" Where is the Princeſs of Sendomir ?" he haſtily demanded.

" The Princeſs of Sendomir quitted " Moſcow laſt night," was the reply.

" Quitted Moſcow !" he reiterated.

" Yes, ſhe departed from the city, ac- " companied by her Poliſh attendants," replied the Ruſſians, calmly reſuming their reſpective occupations. Demetrius for ſome moments remained ſtupified with grief, ſurpriſe, and indignation.

Marina had quitted Moſcow! The words yet rung in his ears, the proofs of her departure were yet before his eyes ; but he felt inclined to doubt the evidence of his ſenſes, to think that he was in a frightful dream, from which he ſhould awake to love and to happineſs. The idea of his friend, of that friend to whom he had been accuſ-

tomed

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tomed to unbosom all his feelings, to pour forth all his griefs, occurred to him, and his name involuntarily escaped his lips.

The Russians understood the exclamation as one of enquiry, and replied, that Count Wiesnovitski had accompanied the Princess from Moscow.

Demetrius started at this information; a new and dreadful suspicion rushed upon his mind. Rage, jealousy, every turbulent, every ungentle feeling of his nature was instantly aroused: the influence of passion forbade the exertion of reason: through the medium of a disordered imagination, he beheld both the past and the present; he recollected not the undeviating friendship of the Count, the tender attachment of Marina; he considered not that if a mutual regard had subsisted between them, it might long since have been indulged; he perceived alone the dreadful certainty that the Princess and the Count had abandoned him. At this moment the letter which Count Wiesnovitski had addressed to Demetrius on his

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his departure was delivered to him by one of the Poles, who had remained in Moſcow. Unmindful of the ſurpriſe his action excited, he flung it from him with indignation; and, returning precipitately to the Imperial palace, commanded his courſer to be accoutred, and the few Poles whom he perceived on guard, to accompany him. With ſurpriſe they prepared to obey theſe directions. His eye flaſhing fire, his cheek glowing, every movement rapid, yet tremulous, he mounted his courſer, and purſued the route which he concluded had been adopted by the fugitives.

As the ſun advanced towards the meridian, the ſandy road which they travelled, reflecting its beams, rendered the heat intenſe. The Czar's courſer, panting with toil, covered with duſt and blood, ſeemed unable to proceed. Demetrius threw himſelf from it, and, commanding one of his attendants to give him his in exchange, mounted and again purſued his route. Oh! how different were now his feelings, from when

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when last he had traversed the same road, in order to meet and welcome his beloved Marina! Love, happy love, reigned in his soul, and rendered every object delightful, every thought harmonious, every sensation delicious: love still reigned there indeed;—but love, attended by jealousy, despair, resentment;—jealousy, which stung him to madness, and presented but one idea, that of Count Wiesnovitski and the Princess mutually attached, mutually triumphing in bliss, while *he* was left deserted and alone. Each thought wounded him more deeply, each thought urged him on to new exertions. The Count, in the meantime, while the Princess and himself rested at Polzon, for the first time since their departure from Moscow, ventured to address her in the language of consolation: the look with which she replied to him, expressed at once her sense of his kind intentions, and her conviction of their inutility. He sighed as he observed the air of despondency diffused over her countenance, and abandoned

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all attempts to confole a grief which at prefent admitted not of alleviation. At the moment that he rofe to quit the apartment, for the purpofe of delivering fome orders to their attendants, a confufed tumult appeared to proceed from the ftreet; and the well-known accents of Demetrius were mutually and inftantaneoufly recognifed.

The Count ftarted.—Marina gazed around her with alarm,—yet an alarm not wholly unmingled with a tumultuous emotion of hope. The founds drew nearer—the door was flung open, and Demetrius advanced—he gazed alternately upon the Count and Princefs. There was terror in his eye—his lofty air, his ftern filence, his proud, indignant glance intimidated Marina: fhe felt as if fhe muft be criminal to have excited fuch refentment: every feeling vanifhed from her mind, but the defire of being reftored to the regard of Demetrius, of again beholding the beams of affection in his eye. The Count returned his menacing regard with thofe of compaffion.

Demetrius,

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Demetrius, at length, in a voice almoſt inarticulate from emotion, exclaimed, pauſing at intervals, as if gaſping for breath, "Why am I thus forſaken? — treacherous "friend! — inconſtant Marina!"

The Princeſs, ſhrinking from his angry glance, was incapable of reply, but the Count ſaid,

"My letter was intended to explain" — "Intended to explain," interrupted Demetrius, "your treachery, your deceit, your "unparalleled ingratitude: but think not "that your guilt ſhall triumph, think not—" He advanced furiouſly towards them.

The Count, extremely alarmed at his violence, placed himſelf before Marina, and ſeized the arm of Demetrius to prevent him from approaching her. He tore himſelf from his graſp, and, placing his hand upon the hilt of the ſabre, appeared on the point of unſheathing it. The dreadful apprehenſions which this action excited, inſpired Marina with energy and courage. She ruſhed forward, ſhe ſunk on her knees before

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before Demetrius, and retained the hand, whose action proclaimed his hostile intention. Her imploring attitude, her soft and penetrating accents, the touching expression of her countenance, in which fear, pity, love, were at once united, seemed to allay the storm, which jealousy had raised in his breast.

"Demetrius, dear Demetrius!" she said, "Alas! why has my conduct,—this conduct, which the most dreadful necessity alone has imposed,—excited these suspicions? Is it possible that you can doubt the strength of my regard, the sincerity of Count Wiesnovitski's friendship? But has not my presence involved you in danger? Would not its continuance conduce to your destruction? Alas! it is the voice of your people, not the inclination of my heart, which commands me away." Her encreasing emotion impeded her further utterance.

"Consult your reason, Demetrius," said the Count, "and that will tell you the im-

"possibility of ever subduing the prejudices "of your people; *that* will tell you, that "to preserve your throne, it must neither "be shared by a Polish Princess, or sur-"rounded by a Polish nobility."

"Then be that throne for ever aban-"doned!" exclaimed Demetrius. "Go, "Marina," he continued, as he raised her from the ground, yet still retained her hand in his ardent grasp, "go! — but to the end "of the world will I pursue your footsteps. "Whatever be *your* destiny, it shall also be "*mine*. This is not the raving of passion, "but the language of reason. What has "glory to offer in exchange for love? "What are the loud plaudits of the mul-"titude, when placed in competition with "the soft voice of tenderness? What are "the tumultuous joys of ambition; — what "is the cold triumph of gratified pride, com-"pared with those sweet and penetrating "emotions which the certainty of mutual "affection, of reciprocal confidence creates? "Oh, Marina! and would you then have

"left

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" left me to this splendid wretchedness, to
" move through life, 'unloving and un-
" loved?' Enough has the dream of great-
" ness and of glory already deluded me;
" the phantoms have vanished beneath my
" grasp;—and that throne, whose possession
" gratifies neither the mind, the feelings,
" or the senses, is for ever abandoned."
He paused—and gazed on Marina with mingled love and hope. She seemed to struggle with the softer feelings of her heart, as she replied.

" Alas, Demetrius! by what right is it
" abandoned? Oh! well indeed I feel
" that love would compensate the absence of
" all other blessings! but is man at liberty
" to abandon, at will, his station in society,
" a monarch, to relinquish his throne, for
" the gratification of his feelings?"

" Cruel Marina!" exclaimed Demetrius, " is this the language of the heart?
" Oh! you have never loved;—you, who
" could coolly form and execute the reso-
" lution of abandoning me, have never



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"loved!" He relinquiſhed her hand, and again a deep gloom overſpread his features.

"Never loved!" repeated Marina:—"alas! it is not *my own* happineſs I ſeek; "I devote myſelf to *your's*; but, oh! do "not miſtake the path which leads to it."

At this declaration his countenance was again illumined with tranſport:—he again approached Marina.

"I do not, cannot miſtake the path which "leads to it. In ſecuring you, I ſecure hap-"pineſs. Come, come," he added, impatiently, "your aſſurance cannot be re-"called: henceforth our deſtinies are for "ever united: come."—He appeared prepared to conduct her from the apartment.

Marina, overpowered by the ardour of her lover's manner, abandoned herſelf to a belief that all reſiſtance would be vain. His will ſeemed to be that of fate; and ſhe felt inclined to reſign herſelf to its guidance. The Count perceived her heſitation, and advanced.

"My

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"My dearest friends," said he, "let me "entreat, as you value not only your fu- "ture happiness, but your future rectitude, "to pause a moment before you adopt any "fixed resolution." Demetrius threw on him a glance of impatience. Marina cast her eyes on the ground, dreading to hear the voice of reason—that voice which she knew would *now* be in opposition to that of inclination. The Count proceeded—"Were you, my friends, two beings un- "connected with society; were there none "whose fates were involved in yours— "none whose happiness depended upon you, "—then indeed you might pursue, with- "out a crime, your present inclinations; but "you, Demetrius, who have been called to "the first great lot of human kind—you, "in whose power it is to bestow felicity on "millions—you, on whose will the welfare "of an empire rests—is it possible that you "can esteem yourself entitled, at pleasure, "to abandon duties so awful,—a station so "important?"



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Perceiving an air of anger and impatience in the manner of Demetrius, the Count paused not to hear his reply, but addressed himself to Marina: insensibly his accents softened as he viewed her pallid cheek and dejected air. "Forgive me, lady, if to "you I urge a parent's claim, as one which "cannot be disputed. It was to the Czar "of Russia, that the Princess of Sendomir "was betrothed: it was to an Imperial "monarch, not to a wandering exile, that "the Palatine of Sendomir consigned his "daughter:—judge then if *that* daughter "have a right to disappoint the expecta-"tions, to blast the hopes"—

"Enough, enough!" interrupted the Princess; "there is but one path for me to "pursue; it is, indeed, the path of duty, "but of misery." She sunk on a seat, and concealed her face in her veil; but her rising sobs betrayed the anguish she endured.

Demetrius approached; the expression of his countenance was remarkable,—to Count Wies-

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Wieſnovitſki unintelligible. Neither the gloom of deſpair darkened his eye, or the glow of reſentment crimſoned his cheek; but a ſmile,—almoſt a ſmile of triumph played on his lip:—it was the triumph of a decided mind, which felt that its own will was ſuperior to oppoſition.

" Count Wieſnovitſki!—Marina!"—he ſaid, as he glanced alternately towards them; " I have heard *your* deciſions: now attend " to *mine*. You, Count Wieſnovitſki, rea- " ſon like one who knows not the ſtruggles " of paſſion—whoſe heart has never owned " the influence of love; and you, Marina, " as one, whoſe feelings, powerful as they " are, are yet leſs powerful than your ſenſe " of duty;—but *I*, as one whoſe paſſions " are ſtronger than reaſon, whoſe will, if it " cannot *conquer*, will at leaſt *contend* with " fate. Vain, oh, how vain! to tell me of the " claims of my ſubjects;—to tell me that my " life muſt be devoted to the promotion of " their welfare. My reaſon, indeed, may " urge the ſame; but my heart revolts



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" from the ſentence. What! ſhall I ſeek
" to diffuſe happineſs amongſt *thoſe*, who
" have conſigned *me* to miſery? Shall
" I ſpread joy and gladneſs around me,
" while agony or deſpair inhabit mine
" own breaſt? Such, perhaps, might be
" the conduct of Count Wieſnovitſki; but
" ſuch never can be the conduct of Deme-
" trius. Deprive me of Marina, and you
" deprive me of virtue;—you deprive me
" of every motive to action:—life would
" loſe its charm,—glory its attraction,—
" goodneſs its reward. Remember that
" mine is no tranſient paſſion, created by ca-
" price, and dependant on circumſtance:
" its birth formed a new æra in my ex-
" iſtence;—it ſtimulated me to moral and
" intellectual advancement; it awoke me to
" virtue, as well as to bliſs:—each thought,
" each hope, each act, centered in it alone.
" And can you tamely bid me conquer
" ſuch a paſſion? and conquer it for what?
" that I may hold a feeble ſceptre, which
" my ſubjects may ſway at inclination;
" that

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" that I may be the titled puppet, whose
" movements they might work at will!
" Go, then, Marina!" he said, turning to
her; " if Count Wiesnovitski's arguments
" have prevailed, go:—but again I say, I
" will be the companion of your flight.
" If the wandering exile be not permitted
" to *share* your fate, he may at least *attend*
" it:—if he dare not aspire to be the partner
" of your fortunes, he may, at least, be
" the servant of your state."

The struggle between feeling and pride, in the impetuous soul of Demetrius, impeded his further speech; but his air, his eye, his quivering lip, shewed the conflict he endured. Count Wiesnovitski felt that all argument would indeed be vain. Marina, trembling, agitated, yet a secret joy diffusing itself through her heart, at the belief that all opposition to the wishes of Demetrius would not only be cruel, but ineffectual, glancing her eye from him to the Count, said, " Tell me—instruct me



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" what path to purſue, what conduct to
" adopt."

" Return with me to Moſcow," ſaid Demetrius, advancing, and firmly graſping her hand: " return with me to Moſcow. If
" we muſt not abandon our throne, let us
" be happy upon it. Baniſh the ground-
" leſs apprehenſions which have occaſioned
" this flight. What is that you dread from
" the oppoſition of my ſubjects? Believe
" me, the murmurs of the multitude die
" away before the reſiſtance of a firm mind,
" as the force of the waves ſpends itſelf in
" vain againſt the impenetrable rock."

He ſpoke with a confidence which again awakened Marina to hope. She looked at Count Wieſnovitſki, as if to demand his opinion and advice.

" If the Czar be, indeed, inacceſſible to
" reaſon," —he ſaid, " your return to Moſ-
" cow is the only option that remains."

He ſpoke with evident regret and heſitation, but Marina, enraptured at receiving his

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his ſanction to the conduct ſhe ſecretly deſired to adopt, remarked not the reluctance with which this ſanction was accorded; and forgetting the awful warning of the Czarina and her conſequent promiſe, yielded to the delight of reflecting, that whatever might be the future misfortunes of Demetrius and herſelf, at leaſt they would be encountered together; while the joy and gratitude of Demetrius, at the aſſurance ſhe now gave him of abandoning all idea of purſuing her flight, was unbounded.

Count Wieſnovitſki beheld with an aſtoniſhment not unmixed with uneaſineſs, the total abſence of alarm and reflection from the minds of the lovers: he could not comprehend how, amidſt the dangers and difficulties of their ſituation, they could thus reſign themſelves to the influence of joy. He knew not that all ſufferings appeared trivial, compared with thoſe they had lately endured; and that, at whatever price, the bliſs of reunion was but cheaply purchaſed. He now endeavoured to explain



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to Demetrius the conduct he was anxious for him to purſue. He adviſed an immediate return to Moſcow, if poſſible, before either his departure or that of the Princeſs were known throughout the city. "If "indeed," he continued, "we can reach "Moſcow before the cloſe of day, your "abſence, if diſcovered, may not excite "either ſurpriſe or ſuſpicion; but any lon-"ger delay would awaken conjecture and "ſurpriſe, which it might be difficult to "ſatisfy."

Neither Demetrius or Marina offered any oppoſition to this propoſal, and the whole train was in a ſhort period on its return to Moſcow.

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## CHAP. X.

" Behold the black, the guilt-concealing night
" Fast closes round. Wide thro' this ample palace
" The lamps begin to shine. The tempest falls;
" The weary winds sink breathless. But who knows
" What fiercer tempest yet may shake the night?"

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon.*

" From whence ariseth this?
" Silence that dreadful bell! If I once stir,
" Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
" Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
" How this foul rout begun."

*Othello.*

SILENCE, as if by mutual consent, was preserved between the party as they proceeded on their rapid route to Moscow. Marina, overcome by the various conflicts she had endured, sunk into a state of calm; but the calm was a delightful one; for the presence of Demetrius seemed the assurance of security and happiness. The thoughts of the Count were wholly engrossed by devising means to reconcile Demetrius with his subjects, and to avert the storm which he

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he feared was impending; and he was wholly unaware of the ſilence which prevailed. Demetrius indeed wiſhed to interrupt it; but the preſence of his friend impoſed a reſtraint on the expreſſion of thoſe feelings, he longed to addreſs to Marina.

As they approached within ſight of Moſcow, a ſudden recollection of all the ſufferings ſhe had endured there, a ſudden dread of thoſe ſhe might yet have to undergo, and, above all, a ſudden remembrance of the Czarina's prophetic warning, ruſhed upon the mind of Marina; but the next moment were baniſhed thence, by beholding the countenance of Demetrius illumined with a bright flaſh of ſurpriſe and joy. She gazed around to diſcover its cauſe, and perceived a party of Coſſacks approaching them.

"Welcome, my friend Koſanka! wel-
"come my brave fellow warriors!" exclaimed the Czar, as the carriage ſtopped, while the Coſſacks eagerly ſurrounded it, every

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every gesture expressing the delight they experienced at again beholding their loved commander, their respected monarch; and Demetrius resigned himself to that pleasure so exquisite, but so rare, of receiving the expressions of artless and unadulterated affection.

The Czar, however, after the first greetings had been exchanged between them, recollecting the peculiarity of his situation and that of the Princess, requested Count Wiesnovitski to superintend the accommodation of the troops in the different quarters of the city; and, after delivering some orders to Kosanka, bade both his friends farewell, and commanded the carriage, which now contained only the Princess and himself, to proceed towards the Kremlin. When they reached the Imperial palace, Marina hesitated whether to descend; but Demetrius, apparently without remarking her indecision, bore her from the carriage, and hurried her forward till they reached a distant apartment.

The

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The guards and attendants of the Czar, who had been greatly alarmed at his long abſence, and were now equally ſurpriſed at his return, accompanied by the Princeſs of Sendomir, interrogated on the ſubject the faithful Poles who had accompanied them; but Demetrius had engaged them to ſecrecy, and the curioſity of the Ruſſians remained unſatisfied.

Demetrius, when alone with Marina, after a pauſe of ſome length, in which he appeared heſitating in what terms to addreſs her, ſaid,

"Marina! you have but now given me "a teſtimony of affection, which has ex- "cited my admiration, no leſs than it has "increaſed my love; yet deem it not an "ungenerous encroachment *on* this affec- "tion, if I demand a yet further proof of "it. This night—this hour—let our deſ- "tinies be irrevocably united."

Marina ſtarted — the deepeſt crimſon for one moment ſuffuſed her cheek, but the next beheld her the image of death: for a ſudden

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ſudden remembrance of the Czarina's ſolemn declaration, "That the firſt moment "that beheld a Czar of Ruſſia united to a "foreign Princeſs, would behold his de-"ſtruction," ruſhed upon her mind, and ſhe ſhrunk from the touch of Demetrius, who had taken her hand and preſſed it fervently within his, as he gazed with a mingled expreſſion of hope, love, and anxiety upon her varying countenance. The exceſs of her emotion ſurpriſed, but did not prevent him from purſuing his requeſt. He urged that a ſtep thus deciſive would effectually prevent the further interference of his ſubjects: he urged it as the ſuggeſtion of his reaſon, no leſs than the wiſh of his heart.

"My ſubjects," ſaid he, "now behold "you as the Princeſs of Poland with jea-"louſy and diſtruſt; but they will regard "you as the Czarina of Ruſſia with reſpect "and confidence. Yet even ſhould theſe "hopes prove deluſive, do you not feel with "me that all ſufferings can be braved but "that

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" that of ſeparation? that all dangers can
" be encountered if they be encountered
" together? Oh, my Marina! place it
" then beyond the power of man — of fate
" — again to diſunite us!" He pauſed — his ardent manner, ſo calculated to baniſh apprehenſion and awaken hope, revived the drooping ſpirits of Marina. Her promiſe to the Czarina was again forgotten: her heart, ſoftened by all the ſtruggles ſhe had ſo lately endured, yielded to a tide of tender emotions, —yielded to the pleadings of Demetrius. He perceived the conſenting glance of her eye, and, preſſing her hand fervently to his lips, without waiting to hear her confirm a conſent, her manner had already implied, bidding her prepare for his ſpeedy return, quitted the apartment.

The ideas, which ſucceſſively floated acroſs the mind, the emotions which ſucceſſively throbbed in the breaſt, of Marina, as ſhe awaited the return of Demetrius, were too various, too fluctuating to be defined. Short was the interval allowed for their duration.

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duration. Demetrius re-entered the apartment, his countenance beaming with love, and hope, and gratitude. He ſeized the hand of Marina, and ſwiftly conducted her through a long vaulted gallery to a diſtant and unfrequented ſuite of apartments, one of which had formerly been appropriated to offices of devotion. In this was a temporary altar, near which ſtood the Catholic Prieſt, who had accompanied the Princeſs to Moſcow. Demetrius led Marina towards the altar. The rapid fluctuations of her expreſſion, which combined at once the vivid beams of hope with the ſofter rays of modeſty, the "light of love" which was diffuſed over her countenance, rendered her more exquiſitely beautiful than Demetrius had ever yet beheld her.

The prieſt advanced—he commenced the ceremony;—and the ſlow and ſolemn tones of his voice, interrupting the ſtillneſs, and reverberating through the vaulted chamber, excited an emotion of awe in the mind of Marina: yet as he advanced through that

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ſacred ſervice which in the eyes of God and of man was to unite them for ever,—the thoughts of both were concentrated on *that* alone; the hearts of both throbbed in uniſon, as they felt that the duties it impoſed were not leſs delightful than they were important. But thoſe thoughts ſo elevated,—thoſe feelings ſo ſweet,—that ſervice ſo ſolemn,—were ſuddenly interrupted by the deep tollings of the Kremlin bell:—that bell, never ſounded but on occaſions of awful import, now vibrated on their ears, like the ſudden burſt of ſubterranean thunder. The prieſt abruptly pauſed,—and gazed in conſternation on the Czar.

"Proceed!" exclaimed Demetrius impatiently. "Oh, no, no!" ſaid Marina, endeavouring to free her hand from the graſp of his, as ſhe recollected the Czarina's prophetic declaration, "that dreadful ſound "forbids it."

"That ſound ſhall be ſilenced;" replied Demetrius, "or I ſhall be no longer "the Sovereign of Ruſſia." His indignant

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nant glance ſought his ſabre, which previouſly to the commencement of the nuptial ceremony, he had detached from his girdle.

"Oh, go not hence," exclaimed Marina. "It is the token of rebellion! It is the "ſignal of deſtruction!"

"Better, then, bravely to encounter than "tamely await it," replied Demetrius.

"Aſſiſt me! Oh, aſſiſt me to detain him, "father!" ſaid Marina, turning to addreſs the prieſt,—but he had vaniſhed from the ſpot,—and the Czar and Princeſs were alone in the apartment.

The great bell ſtill continued its awful tollings;—a confuſed tumult was heard throughout the palace.

"Oh, leave me not!" exclaimed Marina, as half fainting with terror ſhe clung for ſupport to the arm of Demetrius. His rage and indignation were now converted into tenderneſs and alarm: he endeavoured to re-aſſure her; he watched with extreme ſolicitude the variations of her countenance; he

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he besought her to calm her dreadful agitation; and, thus employed, heeded not the encreased and now approaching tumult. "They come, oh, Heaven they come!" exclaimed Marina, suddenly regaining some degree of strength, and involuntarily precipitating herself towards the altar, as if for security. Demetrius seized his sword, and placed himself beside her, in an attitude of defence. The tremendous uproar now resounded on every side — the door was suddenly burst open, and a promiscuous and enraged multitude rushed into the chamber. For a moment all was discord, clamour, and confusion: but the sight of the Czar, his noble aspect and commanding attitude seemed to inspire a feeling of respect; while the view of the Princess who had now prostrated herself at the foot of the altar, as if to implore that mercy from Heaven, which seemed to be denied by man, excited an emotion of pity. Some appearance of order was now assumed by the multitude: they ranged themselves around the apartment, and formed a circle

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circle completely investing Demetrius and Marina. Into the centre of this circle, Prince Vassili, bearing a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, now advanced, and placing himself immediately opposite Demetrius, thus addressed him.

"I cite you, by this symbol of our "holy religion, Gregory Ostrepiof, who "have assumed the name of Demetrius "Ivanovitch, and, under this name, have "been elevated to the throne of Russia, to "answer before the tribunal of justice, for "those crimes which you have committed "against it." The Prince paused—and turning to the guards, who had attended him, commanded them to secure the person of the usurper. They advanced a few paces towards Demetrius, but he waved his arm as if to command them away; they retreated, notwithstanding the reiterated orders of Prince Vassili. They perceived that Demetrius was preparing to address them, and were more anxious to hear his defence, than to secure his person. It might be deemed that

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that the impetuous soul of Demetrius would have been fired with indignation, and betrayed into passion, at such an insulting appeal, such a daring accusation: but resentment, when accompanied with profound contempt, is always externally calm; and contempt was the predominating feeling in the mind of Demetrius, as his eye, keen, penetrating, determined, met the undaunted gaze of Prince Vassili; of him, whose life he had preserved, whose crimes he had pardoned, whose friendship he had sought. Disdaining to make any appeal to his feelings, or his gratitude; disdaining even to consider him in any other light than as the medium through which the opinion of the Russians was made known, Demetrius, in a voice loud yet temperate, calm yet determined, replied:

"To obey such an appeal would equally "disgrace *myself*, as to have made it has "dishonoured *you*. I *am* Demetrius Ivano-"vitch, the same Demetrius whom but a "few months since the people of Russia



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"hailed with one accord as the lawful so-
"vereign of their empire. My claims were
"disclosed and admitted; — my title de-
"clared and acknowledged. — From what
"cause then proceeds this sudden re-
"volution of opinion? What proofs can
"you produce in support of an accusation
"not less daring than it is extravagant?"

The manner of Demetrius was more dispassionate than Prince Vassili had expected; but his apprehensions for Marina, and anxiety to secure her from further alarm, rendering it the Czar's first wish to free her from the presence of the multitude, enchained the natural expressions of his feelings. "Rather," Prince Vassili replied, "than "demand from us the cause of this accusa-"tion, acquaint us with the evidence of "your boasted claims: true, indeed, they "have been affirmed by yourself, propa-"gated by your friends, supported by your "sword; but where are those proofs that "should *confirm* them? Where are the wit-"nesses noticed in your manifesto? Where "are those testimonies which, if produced,



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"would indeed eſtabliſh them?" A ſmile of malicious triumph played on the lips of Prince Vaſſili, as he concluded this addreſs, which conveyed the pang it was intended to the heart of Demetrius. He had at firſt regarded the charge as unpremeditated and abſurd, the futile attempt of a faction, which threatened what it could not execute; but he now beheld it in a more alarming light; he ſaw that the plot was deeply laid; he knew that the demands made appeared reaſonable; and he felt they could not be anſwered. Where *now* indeed was Koſlof the fugitive; where *now* was the faithful Galitzin; where *now* was the prior of St. Michael's convent? As theſe reflections rapidly recurred, his eye, caſt down in thought, gave an expreſſion to his countenance which by the Ruſſians was miſtaken for that of dejection and alarm. It ſeemed to inſpire them with courage; and the Patriarch, who had been hitherto concealed amidſt Prince Vaſſili's guards, now advanced.

"Ruſſians,"

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"Ruſſians," ſaid he, "you perceive that "the impoſtor attempts not to refute the "accuſation alledged againſt him. How, "indeed, can he, who has deſpiſed the "moſt ſolemn ordinances of our holy reli-"gion, who has neglected the long eſtab-"liſhed cuſtoms of our country, who is, in "fine, on the point of eſpouſing a Catholic "princeſs;" and he glanced his eye towards the pale and trembling Marina; "how can "*he* be deſcended from the ancient ſove-"reigns of the empire?" "No, no!" exclaimed the Ruſſians, inflamed by this addreſs, "No! he is not our ſovereign, he is "not the ſon of Ivan Vaſſilievitch." They ruſhed tumultuouſly towards him. Marina, uttering a ſhriek of deſpair, attempted to interpoſe between Demetrius and his enraged ſubjects; but her ſenſes failed, and ſhe fell proſtrate at the foot of the altar. The ſight appeared to inſpire the Ruſſians with compaſſion, and they heſitated: while Demetrius, wholly regardleſs of their movements, raiſed Marina in his arms, and, finding



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his attempts to recover her prove ineffectual,

"Barbarians!" he ſaid, turning fiercely towards them, "behold the deſtruction "you have effected."

This addreſs renewed their rage, and they again approached him.

"Off, off," he exclaimed, "*you are* my "ſubjects, and as ſuch do I command you "hence."

"Secure him," ſaid Prince Vaſſili to his guards, "ſecure the traitor."

"Traitor!" repeated Demetrius, as he fixed upon the Prince his awful and accuſing eye; "traitor!" but ſtruck with the idea of the danger to which his impetuoſity would expoſe, not only himſelf, but Marina, he endeavoured to command the tumult of his ſoul, as he ſaid,

"Ruſſians,—countrymen,—for one mo-"ment at leaſt accord me your attention." They appeared inclined to obey this requeſt, hough their hands ſtill brandiſhed their ſabres,

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ſabres, though their menacing glances were ſtill fixed upon his countenance.

"I grant," reſumed Demetrius, in a voice rendered tremulous by contending paſſions, "I grant that it is not in my power "to produce the proofs you demand of my "Imperial lineage. Thoſe who bore "teſtimony to the truth of my claims, when "laid before the diet of Poland, are no "longer in exiſtence;—but one witneſs yet "remains," and his voice aſſumed more firmneſs as he proceeded, "one witneſs yet "remains, whoſe evidence will not be "diſputed. The Czarina Feodorofna— "you have beheld her on the throne of "Ruſſia; have ſeen her brave a tyrant's "rage;—think you then ſhe is likely to be "deceived or ſuborned by an impoſtor? "You once beheld her welcome and "acknowledge me as her ſon, and to her "teſtimony I again appeal."

He ceaſed:—a confuſed tumult was heard throughout the chamber. Prince Vaſſili and the Patriarch loudly declaimed againſt ſuch



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an appeal; but they were overpowered by the opinions of the multitude, who, ranging themſelves round Demetrius, declared they would protect him from all injury, unleſs the Czarina Feodorofna formally renounced him as her ſon. At this unexpected declaration, Prince Vaſſili and the Patriarch propoſed that they ſhould repair to the Czarina, and receive her teſtimony; but Demetrius urgently entreated them to conduct her to the Kremlin. Without replying to this requeſt, they departed, accompanied by all the nobility; — and Demetrius and Marina remained encircled by a promiſcuous multitude, who regarded them with a ſtrange mixture of curioſity, ferocioufneſs, and pity. Alternately inclined to conſider Demetrius as their lawful Czar, or as a deſpicable impoſtor, their manner and countenances varied with their opinions, which were communicated in half-whiſpers to each other.

During this interval ſo pregnant with terror, ſo full of expectation, Marina recovered her recollection. When ſhe unclofed her

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her eyes, and found herſelf ſupported in the arms of Demetrius, whom ſhe had believed ſacrificed to the fury of the multitude, a half ſmile played on her pale lips; but when ſhe beheld the dark and rugged countenances around her, ſhe ſhuddered, and again cloſed them with an emotion of horror. Demetrius, in a low voice, briefly explained the appeal he had made to the teſtimony of his mother, and expreſſed his conviction that the preſence and declaration of the Czarina would both diveſt his ſubjects of their ſuſpicions, and free themſelves from any further apprehenſions.

Demetrius, aware of his impetuoſity, dared not addreſs the ſurrounding multitude, leſt he ſhould be induced to betray a reſentment, which might fatally excite theirs in return; and his anxiety for the ſafety of Marina taught him to bend his, hitherto, inflexible ſoul to the yet *more* inflexible will of fate. In this ſtate of ſuſpenſe they had remained a conſiderable period, when the voices of Prince Vaſſili and the Patriarch, in



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loud and earneſt diſcourſe, were heard, as they proceeded along the gallery which conducted to the apartment. — All eagerly directed their glances towards its entrance; and the heart of Marina ſunk within her, and the eye of Demetrius kindled with indignation, as he beheld them return unaccompanied by his mother.

"Where is the Czarina Feodoroſna?" he loudly demanded.

"It was her *teſtimony*, and not her *pre-* "*ſence*, which was required," ſaid Prince Vaſſili, "nor would the one be more "favourable to your cauſe than the other." "Ruſſians," continued he, turning to the eagerly expecting multitude, "I ſolemnly "affirm that, in the preſence of your holy "Patriarch, and theſe nobles of your em- "pire, the Czarina Maria Feodoroſna de- "poſed that the real Demetrius was ſlain, "when an infant, at Uglitz; that terror "alone had induced her to acknowledge, "as her ſon, the impoſtor before you, whoſe "repeated menaces had compelled her to "make

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" make a declaration ſhe was now prepared " to retract." Prince Vaſſili was ſcarcely permitted to conclude this ſpeech, before the enraged and credulous multitude once more ruſhed towards Demetrius: — Marina again ſunk lifeleſs on his breaſt.

"Spare her! Oh, ſpare her!" —exclaimed the Czar, as he found his encircling arms would not be a ſufficient defence againſt the ſabres which aſſailed them. At this fearful moment, the well-known war-cry of the Coſſacks was heard. The Hetman Koſanka, and Count Wieſnovitſki, followed by a numerous train, poured into the apartment. A dreadful conflict enſued:—like the heavings of a dark tempeſtuous ſea, were the fierce ſtruggles of the cloſely-pent warriors. Shouts, groans, ſounds of triumph or of deſpair re-echoed around.

Count Wieſnovitſki's firſt anxiety was to reſcue Marina from this ſcene of terror. He diſcovered her, encircled by the Czar's left arm, while in the other gleamed his uplifted ſabre, whoſe rapid and powerful



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movements warded off the ſtrokes of his aſſailants. The Count forced his way towards them. Demetrius perceived him. "Save her," was all he could ſay, as he reſigned Marina to his friend. Count Wieſnovitſki made no reply, but ſuſtaining her lifeleſs form in his firm graſp, bore her in ſafety through the claſhing ſwords; for the Ruſſians almoſt inſtinctively gave way at his approach.

Without pauſing for a moment, the Count purſued his way rapidly from the palace, through the almoſt deſerted ſtreets of Moſcow, to that quarter of the city inhabited by the Poles. Inſtantly ſummoning and haſtily acquainting them with the danger of the Czar and Princeſs, he commanded ſome of the train to depart immediately with the Princeſs towards the frontiers, and the remainder to return with him to the Kremlin. They obeyed; and Count Wieſnovitſki, with a rapidity equal to that with which he had quitted it, again ſought the Imperial palace. The tumult ſeemed

to

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to have abated; —the Count ſcarcely knew whether to conſider this as a favourable or alarming circumſtance. A few ſavage and blood-ſtained countenances gleamed paſt him, as he ruſhed rapidly through the long gallery which led to the apartment he had ſo lately quitted. All now was ſilent: —a dreadful alarm,—an oppreſſive apprehenſion, took poſſeſſion of his ſoul. He pauſed,—as if to recover reſpiration,— before he dared to re-enter the portal. At length he ſummoned reſolution to advance; and his eye haſtily and fearfully glanced over the horrid ſcene: —a ſcene he had indeed often witneſſed upon the field of battle, but never in the abode of man.

In the midſt of mangled bodies, in the midſt of the dying and the dead, he perceived the Hetman Koſanka kneeling beſide a figure, which he inſtantly recogniſed as that of the Czar's. He ruſhed forward, he raiſed the hand of his friend in his;—but the touch of that hand was cold as death; he gazed at his countenance, —but it was



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pale and fixed as monumental marble; he endeavoured to diſcover ſome veſtiges of life, ſome ſymptoms of reſpiration,—but no veſtige, no ſymptom could be perceived: he looked on his numerous wounds, —and ſhuddered, as the dreadful conviction was impoſed upon his heart, that Demetrius was indeed no more.

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## CHAP. XI.

" How like a hateful ape
" Detected, grinning, 'midſt his pilfer'd hoards,
" A cunning man appears, whoſe ſecret frauds
" Are open'd to the day! ſcorn'd, hooted, mock'd!
" Scorn'd by the very fools who moſt admir'd
" His worthleſs art. But when a great mind falls,
" The noble nature of man's generous heart
" Doth bear him up amidſt the ſhame of ruin;
" With gentle cenſure, uſing but his faults
" As modeſt means to introduce his praiſe;
" For pity like a dewy twilight comes
" To cloſe th' oppreſſive ſplendour of his day,
" And they who but admir'd him at his height,
" His alter'd ſtate lament, and love him fallen!"

BAILLIE's *Baſil.*

THE entrance of the Princeſs of Sendomir into the empire of Ruſſia, had decided the fate of its ſovereign. From this period the conſpiracy, which terminated in his deſtruction, had been concerted, and Prince Vaſſili had only delayed its immediate execution in order to enſure its final ſucceſs.

The opinion, that the Czar was an impoſtor had been induſtriouſly propagated, and

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and generally believed throughout Ruſſia; and although Prince Vaſſili availed himſelf of the accidental concurrence of the Coſſacks' arrival, with the abrupt departure of Demetrius from the capital, and ſubſequent return with the Princeſs, and a Poliſh train, to haſten the moment of inſurrection, theſe events did not occaſion it. The Prince inflamed the minds of the people, by aſſerting, that the Czar's intention was to ſhut the gates of the city, maſſacre thoſe amongſt the Ruſſian nobles and citizens who had oppoſed his union with the Princeſs of Sendomir, and then publicly ſolemnize his nuptials. The people too eaſily credited theſe aſſertions, and ſeizing the firſt weapons which preſented themſelves, ruſhed tumultuouſly towards the palace, where their dreadful purpoſe was fatally executed.

Prince Vaſſili no ſooner beheld Demetrius fall beneath the ſtrokes of his numerous aſſailants, than he withdrew his troops from the Imperial palace, in order to ſecure the

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the avenues leading to the city, and poſſeſs himſelf of its principal forts. Having ſucceeded in this deſign, with deliberate ferocity, he commanded a general maſſacre both of the Poles and Coſſacks. His orders were obeyed; and a ſcene, painful to deſcribe, or to imagine, enſued. Although this ſtate of anarchy and confuſion laſted only ten hours, more than ten thouſand perſons periſhed in the conflict. The ſcene was finally cloſed, by the election of Prince Vaſſili Shuiſki to the Imperial throne: but the triumph of the murderer was incomplete; for Count Wieſnovitſki had eſcaped his power.

Over the body of Demetrius the Hetman Koſanka and Count Wieſnovitſki exchanged the mutual vow to purſue with ſure, determined, unrelenting vengeance, him who had effected his deſtruction. They knew that immediate revenge was not in their power (for the comparative ſmall number of Poles and Coſſacks forbade the hope of ſucceſsful reſiſtance), and they perceived

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perceived that present flight would alone effectually secure future triumph. At the head of a small band they forced their passage through the guards stationed at one of the city gates; and pursuing their way rapidly towards the frontiers, reached Poland in safety.

The dreadful intelligence they conveyed spread horror and dismay throughout the kingdom; for few of its natives were there who wept not, amongst the victims of Prince Vassili's ferocity, the death of a kinsman or a friend. The spirit of revenge breathed throughout the land. Inspired by one sentiment, actuated by one desire, an army of Poles, under the command of Count Wiesnovitski, again advanced to the frontiers of Russia. Its progress was resistless as terrible; its success rapid as decisive; and the imperial city, which had so lately beheld the entire though temporary extinction of the Polish power, again submitted to its influence. Count Wiesnovitski and the Hetman Kosanka entered

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tered Moſcow as conquerors: but Prince Vaſſili Shuiſki was no longer its ſovereign. The Ruſſians, when recovered from the temporary frenzy which his repreſentations had excited, began to regret its effects. The errors of Demetrius were forgotten in his fate; while his generoſity and clemency were ſtrongly contraſted with the unrelenting ſternneſs of their preſent Czar. Thoſe who had already dared to aſſaſſinate a lawful ſovereign, did not long heſitate to depoſe a tyrannical uſurper.

Within a ſhort period after his election to the throne, Prince Vaſſili was precipitated from it, and confined in the monaſtery of Pohndof. There he was viſited by Count Wieſnovitſki; the warrior's helmet was exchanged for the monkiſh cowl; and his expreſſion of ſavage triumph converted to one of ſullen deſpair; but his heart was ſtill unchanged; *that* was now equally inacceſſible to remorſe and repentance, as it had formerly been to gratitude and mercy. Count Wieſnovitſki ſhuddered as he gazed upon

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upon the murderer of Demetrius. The Ruſſians readily conſented to deliver their late Czar into the power of the Poles; and the Count then proceeded to viſit upon the other enemies of his friend the crimes they had committed againſt him.

The Patriarch was compelled to reſign his high office; and both the Princeſs Irene and her mother, who had been inſtrumental in increaſing the popular diſcontent, were placed in a convent, and obliged to aſſume the veil. The Count likewiſe ſought the unfortunate Czarina Feodorofua, but ſhe was no longer in exiſtence. The intelligence of her ſon's aſſaſſination (for her ſuppoſed depoſition was an entire fabrication of Prince Vaſſili's), had, at firſt, deprived her of reaſon; and, after languiſhing ſome time, alternately the victim of madneſs or deſpair, ſhe was finally releaſed from a ſcene which, to her, had long been a ſcene of ſuffering.

The pangs of jealouſy and remorſe, the ſtruggles of reaſon and paſſion, the alternations of hope and fear, may be deſcribed; but

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but who can paint the cold unvarying feelings of despair; — that night of the soul, uncheared by any hope, except the hope of death? Who can paint the grief which took possession of Marina's mind from the period when she recovered to a sense of her misfortunes? Immured in the profound retirement of her father's castle, it was long before she could admit even Count Wiesnovitski to an interview: but on his return from Russia, with his captive Prince Vassili, she consented to see him. On his entrance into her apartment, she extended her hand in silence towards him; he raised it to his lips, and the tear which bedewed it, conveyed a mingled emotion of anguish and gratitude to the heart of the Princess.

From this period, the conviction that the murderer of his monarch had met his due reward, that each day was advancing the approach of that period which would unite her for ever to Demetrius, produced a degree of composure in the mind of the Princess, which enabled her to perform those social

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focial and relative duties her religion enjoined. But when, deceived by this external tranquillity, her father and her friends united in urging her to appear again in thofe fcenes which her prefence had formerly irradiated, the fudden change in her manner, the expreffion of anguifh which inftantly overfpread her countenance, the firmnefs with which fhe perfifted in her refufal, convinced them, that her's was indeed "a grief which knew not confola-"tion's name."

In contemplating the fate of Demetrius, we contemplate the fate of genius undirected by judgment, untaught by experience; — we behold the career of one, whofe progrefs, had he poffeffed but the common virtues of humanity, by diffufing happinefs around, would have refembled the river's fruitful courfe, inftead of its fearful inundation. But in furveying the errors of genius, let it ever be remembered, that with the poffeffion of ftronger intellect, are alfo combined fenfations more exquifite, — feelings more

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more acute,—paſſions more impetuous ; — that while the former places its poſſeſſor above the level of his fellow-creatures, the latter makes it indeed a dangerous, and too often fatal pre-eminence.

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# APPENDIX.

*Instead of giving Notes on the Historical Parts of this Romance, the Author has subjoined the entire Narrative of the Reign and Adventures of Demetrius, as related by* COXE *in his "Travels in Russia."*

"IVAN Vassilievitch II. left two sons, Feodor, who succeeded to the throne, and Demetrius, an infant, who was educated at Uglitz, under the care of his mother the Czarina Maria Feodorofna, and in the eighth year of his age was said to have been assassinated by order of Boris Godonof. The real circumstances of this assassination being purposely withheld from the public, are variously related; and the following particulars are alone unquestionable. A body, supposed to be that of the young Prince, was found weltering in its blood; and certain persons, considered as the assassins, were instantly

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inſtantly put to death by the inhabitants of Uglitz. The account of the cataſtrophe being tranſmitted to Moſcow, Boris Godonof, after circulating a report that Demetrius had, in a fit of phrenzy, put a period to his own life, diſpatched his creatures Vaſſili Shuiſki and Cletchnin, to inquire into the circumſtances of his death. Having examined the body of the deceaſed, they declared it to be that of Demetrius, and confirmed the report. Maria Feodorofna, accuſed of groſs inattention to her ſon's ſecurity, was compelled to aſſume the veil, and confined in a convent; many inhabitants of Uglitz, who ſpoke freely concerning the murder, were capitally puniſhed; ſome were impriſoned, and others baniſhed.

"Boris Godonof managed this horrid tranſaction with ſuch art and ſecrecy, that ſcarcely any ſuſpicions were entertained againſt him, until, thirteen years after, a perſon made his appearance under the name of Demetrius: he declared that his mother, ſuſpicious of the attempts againſt her ſon's

life,

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life, had removed him from Uglitz, and ſubſtituted another child, who was aſſaſſinated in his place; and that, being educated in a convent, and concealed from the knowlege of his perſecutors, he had eſcaped from Ruſſia into Poland. Being there admitted into the ſervice of Wieſnovitſki, a Pole of great diſtinction, he diſcovered himſelf to that nobleman, who warmly eſpouſed his cauſe. Boris Godonof, having received intelligence of this unexpected claimant, diſſeminated a report, that the impoſtor, who aſſumed the name of Demetrius, was a monk ſtyled Gregory or Griſka Otrepief; and ſpared neither threats nor bribes to obtain poſſeſſion of his perſon. When theſe expedients failed of ſucceſs, he diſpatched his emiſſaries into Poland to aſſaſſinate him.

"Wieſnovitſki, alarmed for the ſafety of his fugitive, recommended him to the protection of the ſenator George Mniſhek, Palatine of Sendomir, a nobleman of great conſequence in Poland. Demetrius, being acknowleged by him the rightful heir



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of the Ruſſian throne, was ſoon afterwards betrothed in marriage to the Palatine's daughter Marina; and in the beginning of 1603, was introduced to Sigiſmund III. King of Poland. Being admitted to a public audience before the diet, he excited the compaſſion of the aſſembly by the affecting manner in which he related his adventures; and though Sigiſmund and the diet regretted that the ſituation of their country prevented them from openly ſeconding his pretenſions, yet they teſtified the moſt cordial attachment to his intereſts, and laid no prohibition on thoſe nobles who might be diſpoſed to engage in his ſupport. By the aſſiſtance of his two patrons, Wieſnovitſki and the Palatine of Sendomir, Demetrius entered Ruſſia in the month of Auguſt 1604, at the head of 4000 Poles; and being ſoon joined by many Ruſſians, particularly by the Coſſacks of the Don, advanced almoſt without oppoſition to Novogorod Severſkoi, and routed in December an army of 40,000 men; but was not long afterwards defeated with great

 ſlaughter,

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ſlaughter, by Prince Vaſſili Shuiſki, general of Boris Godonof. Eight thouſand of his followers were either killed or taken priſoners, and all his artillery and colours fell into the hands of the enemy; his horſe was wounded under him, and he himſelf eſcaped with difficulty.

"This overthrow occaſioned the defection of the Poliſh troops; and Demetrius himſelf, diſmayed with his loſs, would have retreated precipitately into Poland, had he not been diſſuaded by the importunities of his Ruſſian adherents; many of whom believed him to be the true Demetrius, and all dreaded the vengeance of Boris Godonof. Overcome by their entreaties, he continued his march, and, notwithſtanding his late diſcomfiture, was ſoon at the head of a numerous army of Ruſſians, who flocked to his ſtandard from all quarters. Not only the populace, ever prone to credulity, but even men of the highèſt birth and quality, gave credit to his pretenſions; not only the diſtant provinces ſupported his



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cauſe, but the people roſe even at Moſcow, and publicly proclaimed that Demetrius had eſcaped from his aſſaſſins, and claimed allegiance as their rightful ſovereign. This inſurrection was immediately quelled; but although Boris Godonof inflicted the ſevereſt puniſhments upon his adherents, though the Patriarch publiſhed a ban of excommunication againſt him and his party, and though Vaſſili Shuiſki affirmed that he had himſelf examined the body of the deceaſed Prince at Uglitz; yet an univerſal belief ſpread through all ranks, that the pretender to the throne was the real ſon of Ivan Vaſſilievitch the Second.

"The ſudden death of Boris Godonof enſured the ſucceſs of Demetrius. Feodor Boriſovitch, declared ſucceſſor to his father by the Patriarch and nobles who were preſent at Moſcow, was deſerted by the principal generals of the Ruſſian army, and by many perſons of diſtinction. His troops at this inauſpicious moment were ſuddenly attacked and defeated; and thoſe who



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eſcaped were obliged to ſwear fealty to his rival, who, ſtrengthened by this acceſſion, advanced by haſty marches towards the capital, without the leaſt oppoſition; the highways were lined with people; the towns opened their gates with every demonſtration of joy, while Demetrius ſupported the prepoſſeſſion of the Ruſſians in favour of his birth, by the affability of his demeanour, and the gracefulneſs of his perſon. Having publiſhed a manifeſto to the inhabitants of Moſcow, with offers of clemency and favour on their return to their duty, they roſe in arms, ſtormed the palace, ſtrangled Feodor Boriſovitch, and recogniſed the title of Demetrius. On the 30th of June, the new Czar entered Moſcow in triumph, and took poſſeſſion of the throne with univerſal approbation. His pretenſions to the crown, as real ſon of Ivan Vaſſilievitch, were confirmed by the public teſtimony of Maria Feodorofna, whom Boris Godonof had impriſoned in a diſtant monaſtery, and whom Demetrius, at his acceſſion,

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acceſſion, releaſed from her confinement. Upon her approach to Moſcow, on the 8th of July, he rode to meet her at the head of a numerous proceſſion, and at the firſt appearance of her carriage, alighted from his horſe, and ran to embrace her. The tenderneſs and affection which both parties diſplayed on this intereſting occaſion, drew tears from the ſpectators; and the ſtrong expreſſions of tranſport with which the Czarina openly acknowledged him for her ſon, ſeemed to confirm the reality of Imperial lineage. Soon after this interview he was crowned with the uſual pomp, and ſeemed firmly ſeated upon the throne, in the poſſeſſion of which he would probably have maintained himſelf by a conformity to the manners of his ſubjects, and by a prudent deference to their civil and religious eſtabliſhment. But his avowed contempt of the Ruſſian cuſtoms, and his public neglect of their religious ceremonies, ſoon alienated the affections of his ſubjects, and precipitated him from the throne as rapidly



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as he had aſcended it. He was active, ſpirited, and merciful, ſoon offended, and as ſoon appeaſed; liberal, ambitious, and deſirous of making himſelf known to poſterity; in a word, he was a Prince who loved honour, and recommended it by his own example. In Poland he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of languages, arts, and ſciences; he converſed in Latin and Poliſh with fluency; he was well acquainted with hiſtory, and particularly with that of Ruſſia and the neighbouring kingdoms: he was well verſed in muſic, and poſſeſſed other liberal accompliſhments. On account of his addreſs and good fortune in obtaining the crown, he was eſteemed a magician. Warlike exerciſe and hunting were his principal amuſements. He had ſome knowledge of engineering and artillery, was fond of caſting cannon, and ſhot with ſuch ſkill as to ſurpriſe the moſt dexterous markſman. He was zealous to improve the diſcipline of his army, for which purpoſe he would often review his troops, in-

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ſtruct them in different manœuvres, ſtorm ramparts and fortifications; and, as he was always foremoſt, and the moſt eager among the aſſailants, was often rudely handled in the fray. Deſirous to be eſteemed a patron of juſtice, he put to death ſeveral judges who were convicted of iniquitous practices."

"He was not only ſo much attached to the Poliſh cuſtoms and dreſs as to prefer them upon all occaſions; but he even ridiculed the Ruſſian manners, and in every inſtance deviated from the examples of the Czars his predeceſſors. Inſtead of ſhowing himſelf to the people ſeldom, and only upon extraordinary occaſions with a large retinue, he was accuſtomed to traverſe the ſtreets with a few ſervants; he commonly rode, and as he was an excellent horſeman, was generally mounted upon the moſt fiery ſteeds; he hunted frequently, had muſic at his repaſts, never ſlept at mid-day, never bathed. Theſe trifling circumſtances were regarded in ſo ſerious a light, that the omiſſion of them rendered him the object of



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general hatred; and it was commonly reported, that the perſon who could ſhow ſuch a diſtaſte for the cuſtoms of his country, could never be deſcended from the race of antient ſovereigns."

"It was an obvious inference, to conſider the deſpiſer of his ſubjects as their enemy. Under ſuch circumſtances his deſtruction ſeemed inevitable; and yet a year elapſed before any tumult broke out. At length his marriage with a foreign lady cloſed the ſcene; and it would have been a wonder if he had continued any longer upon the throne."

"Having in Poland bethrothed himſelf to Marina, the daughter of the Palatine Mniſchek, he diſpatched a ſplendid embaſſy to demand her in marriage. The eſpouſals were performed at Cracow, and the bride having made her entry into Moſcow, accompanied with a large ſuite of Poles, was lodged in a nunnery till the ſolemnization of the nuptials. During this interval he diſturbed the devotion of the holy ſiſterhood



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with repeated feasts, concerts, and balls, whereby he excited public horror, as a violator of religious discipline. By this infatuated behaviour he inflamed the disaffection of his subjects to such a degree, that a regular conspiracy was concerted against him. The leader was Prince Vassili Ivanovitch Shuiski, the same person who had owed his life to the lenity of Demetrius, and on whom this act of clemency had no other effect than to render him more cautious in his subsequent machinations against his benefactor. Demetrius frequently received intimations from different quarters of a projected insurrection; the popular odium betrayed itself by the most alarming symptoms; persons were heard exclaiming in the streets, 'The Czar is an heretic, worse than a Turk, and not the son of Ivan Vassilievitch.' But, either from a natural magnanimity that braved all danger, or from the inconsiderate levity of his character, he was insensible to all these prognostics; and by obstinately persevering in his unpopular

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pular conduct, ſeemed almoſt to invite deſtruction."

"The inſurrection broke out early in the morning on the 17th of May. The conſpirators ſecured the principal avenues of the city; the great bell in the Kremlin, the common ſignal of alarm, was tolled; and a confuſed cry was ſpread among the people, that the Poles were preparing to maſſacre the inhabitants. Vaſſili Shuiſki, who ſecretly inflamed the public diſcontents, led the way to the palace, bearing a croſs in one hand, and a ſabre in the other, accompanied by a vaſt multitude, armed with the firſt weapons which chance preſented. This party, having overpowered the guards, burſt open the gates of the palace, and ruſhed towards the royal apartment. Demétrius, awakened by the tumult, ſummoned the few guards who were immediately about his perſon, and ſallying, without a moment's deliberation, againſt his aſſailants, hewed down ſeveral of the foremoſt: being ſoon overborn by numbers, he attempted to retreat

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treat into the interior part of the palace; but, closely pressed by his pursuers, precipitated himself from a window into a court."

"Being discovered, he was re-conveyed to the palace, and brought before Vassili Shuiski, who loaded him with reproaches for his imposture. Not dismayed, however, with the menaces of his enemy, he persisted in maintaining himself to be the real son of Ivan Vassilievitch II. and appealed to the testimony of his mother, who resided in a neighbouring convent. The firmness and consistency of his asseverations made a considerable impression on many of the Russian soldiers, who peremptorily declared, that they would protect him from all injury, unless Maria Feodorofna formally renounced him as her son. On this unexpected declaration, Vassili Shuiski, accompanied by some Russian nobles of his party, repaired to the convent, and returned instantly, with the following answer from the Princess:—'The real Demetrius

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was ſlain at Uglitz; the perſon who at preſent aſſumes his name is an impoſtor; and I was conſtrained by menaces to acknowledge him for my ſon.' On the delivery of this meſſage, the unhappy monarch was immediately ſacrificed to the fury of his enemies."

"The aſſaſſination of Demetrius was followed by a general tumult; the houſes of foreigners were pillaged, and not only the Poles who fell into the hands of the people, but even many Ruſſians who wore the Poliſh dreſs, were maſſacred. Though this ſtate of anarchy only laſted ten hours, yet more than two thouſand perſons loſt their lives. The dreadful ſcene was finally cloſed by the election of Vaſſili Ivanovitch Shuiſki to the throne of Ruſſia. Manifeſtos were immediately publiſhed, in which the new Czar juſtified his conduct, and detailed the hiſtory and fortunes of his predeceſſor, whom he pronounced an adventurer, whoſe real name was Griſka Oſtrepief. He aſcribes to him an intention of extirpating the principal

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pal Ruſſian nobility, and of introducing the Roman Catholic religion into Ruſſia; accuſes him of holding a correſpondence with the Pope for that purpoſe; inſinuates that he had even promiſed to cede the provinces of Smolenſko and Severia to the King of Poland; repreſents him as an heretic and ſorcerer; diſplays, in the moſt odious colours, his averſion to the manners and cuſtoms of the Ruſſians, his attachment to foreigners, and expatiates with much art upon every part of his character which was moſt likely to excite the public abhorrence."

In another part of his work Coxe likewiſe notices the fate of the Czar Vaſſili Ivanovitch, who, "after a reign of a few months, was depoſed by his ſubjects, and placed in the monaſtery of Schudof, from whence he was conveyed into Poland, where he only exchanged one priſon for another ſtill more diſmal, and fell a victim to his own diſappointment and chagrin, as well as the ill treatment of the Poles. We are natu-

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naturally led to compaſſionate the fate of a depoſed monarch, who dragged on a miſerable exiſtence amidſt the horrors of perpetual impriſonment; but the black ingratitude of Vaſſili Shuiſki towards Demetrius, his ſovereign and benefactor, almoſt extinguiſhes our ſenſe of his calamities."

The following note, ſubjoined by Coxe to his narrative, ſeems to preclude the neceſſity of giving his arguments in favour of Demetrius:—

"Since the publication of this chapter, the death of Muller (who was the moſt able advocate of the opinion that the Czar was an impoſtor) allows me to declare (what delicacy at that time prevented me from aſſerting) his full conviction that the Czar was the real Demetrius. 'As his impoſture,' he ſaid, 'is an article of faith, I could not venture to publiſh my real opinion in this country: but, on peruſing my account with attention, you will perceive the arguments I have advanced in favour of the impoſture are weak and in-

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conclusive.' He added, smiling, 'If you write on the subject, refute me with freedom; but do not mention my confession during my life-time."

COXE's *Travels in Russia.*

The following circumstances, omitted by Coxe, are noticed by Voltaire.

"At this time a young man appeared in Lithuania, who proclaimed himself to be Prince Demetrius, that had escaped out of the hands of his assassins. He bore a perfect resemblance to the Prince; he shewed the cross set with diamonds that had been tied about his neck, &c."

"Those, who were dissatisfied with the Russian government, declared in his favour. A general of that nation, advancing within sight of Demetrius's army, cried out, '*He is the only lawful heir of the empire*,' and immediately went over with his troops under his command."

VOLTAIRE's *Universal History.*

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As ſome hiſtorians ſpeak of the aſſaſſination of Demetrius as having occurred on the day of his marriage, the author has employed this circumſtance to give greater effect to the cataſtrophe.

The Princeſs Irene, daughter of Boris Godonof, is frequently mentioned by Margaret and other contemporary hiſtorians, as having, from ambitious and intereſted motives, inflamed the public indignation againſt Demetrius.

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